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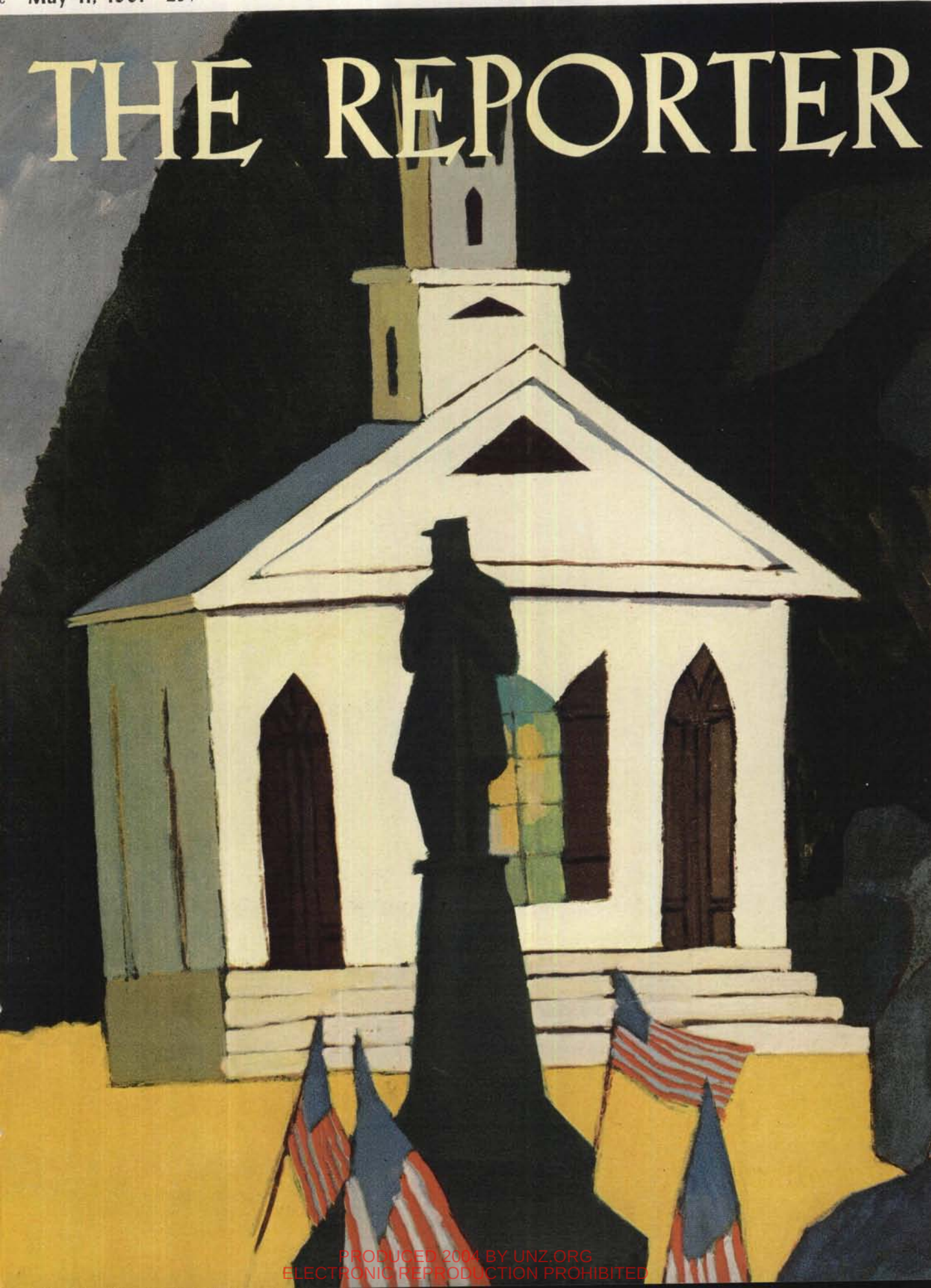
Public Secrets and Presidential Responsibility

1861-1961: Our Hundred Years' War (page 36)

THE REPORTER



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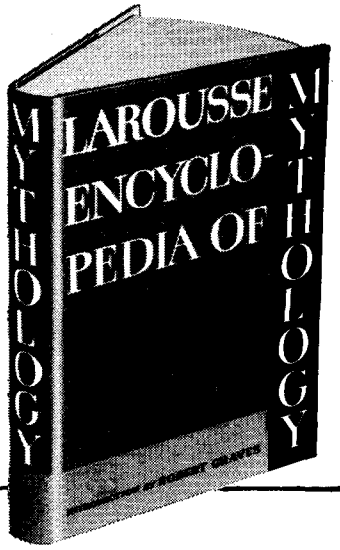

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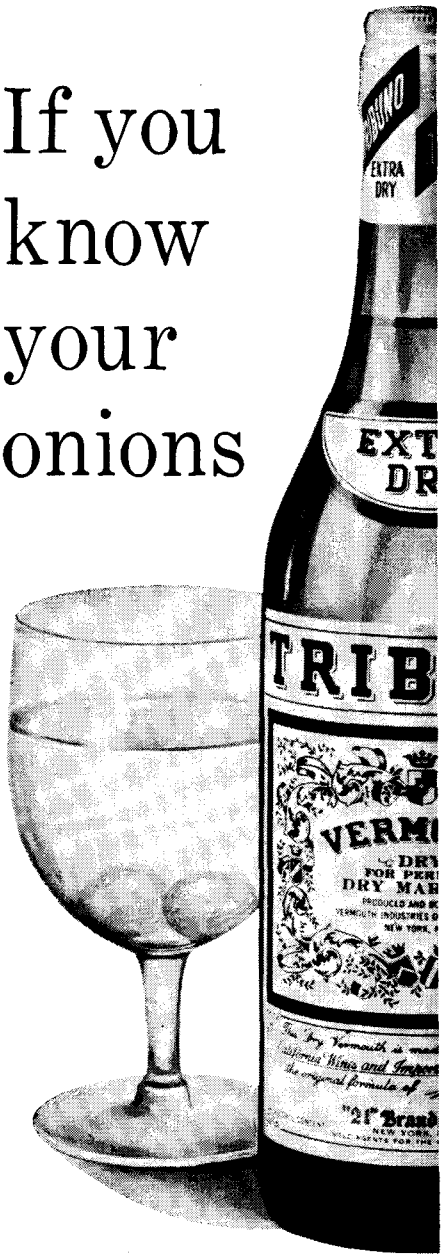

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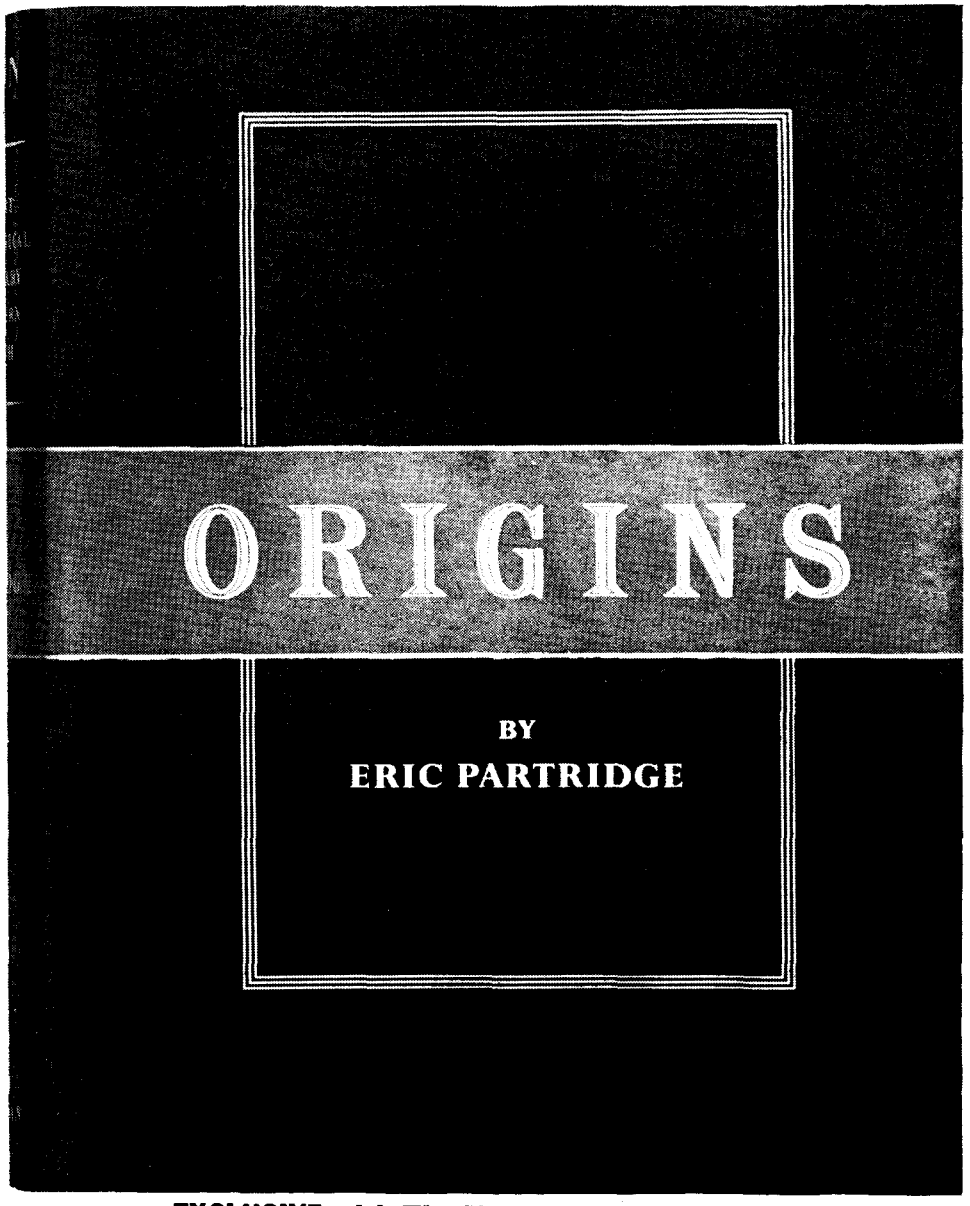

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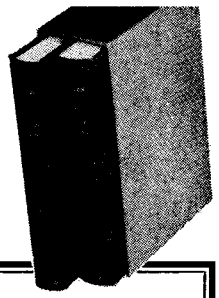

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

CUBA AND ALGERIA—there is little in common between the two tornadoes that hit first our country and then France, except that both the attempt to liberate Cuba and the attempt to overthrow the de Gaulle government were somewhat hasty and ill conceived. Probably the fact that the two adventures took place very few days apart and produced a shock all over the free world will contribute to bring the governments in Washington and Paris closer together. It is certainly auspicious that de Gaulle and Kennedy are going to meet in Paris at the end of the month. As **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, these two men have been singularly tested by their recent experiences.

Our European correspondent, **Edmond Taylor,** brings us an account of the four tragic days in Paris when the French Republic was in danger of being destroyed and a fascist militaristic state seemed on the verge of replacing republican institutions. The leaders of the Algerian rebellion miscalculated badly in not realizing the extent to which confidence in de Gaulle had taken hold of a large segment of the French Army even in Algeria. Yet at least in the first two days it was touch and go, and the Republic was once more saved by the will power and skill of this extraordinary man. . . . The miscalculations of our Central Intelligence Agency in Cuba have now become only too well known to the American people—indeed to our friends as well as to our enemies all over the world. President Kennedy is to be admired for having assumed responsibility for the whole adventure, but perhaps he was overgenerous, and it is to be hoped that he will now be able to take adequate steps to assure that nothing even remotely approaching the sad snafu in Cuba will ever happen again. Some share of the responsibility goes to the media of information. At this stage we are not willing to pass judgment on the behavior of other publications. We are accountable only for what we publish or refuse to publish. Now, however, that so much has been said about what led to the failure in Cuba, we think we owe our readers a report from one of the most authoritative of the correspondents who followed the episode: **Stuart Novins** of CBS News. . . . The press coverage of events leading up to the "invasion" of Cuba is discussed in an article by **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, and **Charles L. Bartlett,** who is Washington correspondent for the Chattanooga *Times,* editor of *News Focus,* and a Pulitzer Prize winner.

THERE IS a mood of some apprehension on the island of Taiwan. After twelve years of exile from the Chinese mainland, Chiang Kai-shek's régime finds itself increasingly losing support abroad—and particularly in the United Nations. **William H. Hessler,** who is on the staff of the Cincinnati *Enquirer,* reports from Taipei. . . . **Robert L. Schiffer,** a free-lance writer, discusses Governor Rockefeller's new program for helping to finance higher education in New York State. . . . **Marvin Kalb,** Moscow correspondent for CBS, and his wife, **Madeleine,** also a Soviet expert, recently made a journey into Estonia, one of the westernmost provinces of the Soviet Union and part of what Muscovites have long called "foreign Russia." . . . A year ago, four hundred ministers of Negro churches in Philadelphia adopted what they call a Selective Patronage Program by which they proposed to persuade Philadelphia employers—one at a time—to hire more Negroes in white-collar jobs. **Hannah Lees,** a free-lance writer, reports on the successes the ministers have achieved since then, and discusses their plans for expanding their methods of persuasion by boycott to other cities across the nation.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, on April 12, 1861, began the most terrible and passionate war this country has ever known. The great central issue over which it was fought has not yet been finally resolved because, as **Alfred Kazin** writes, the freeing of slaves was not an end in itself but merely a beginning on the road to equality of citizenship for all Americans. Mr. Kazin's article is based on a speech he recently delivered at Washington University in St. Louis. . . . **Gerald Weales,** author of a book for children, *Miss Grimsbee Is a Witch* (Atlantic-Little, Brown), discusses the expanding world of children's theater. . . . **George Steiner's** *The Death of Tragedy* has recently been published by Knopf. . . . **Nat Hentoff,** author of *The Jazz Age* (Dial), reviews the reports of the American Bar Association and the American Medical Association on narcotics addiction in the United States. . . . **Martin Greenberg** is a translator and free-lance writer.

Our cover is by **Elizabeth Dauber.**

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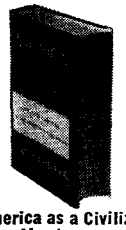

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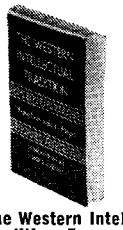

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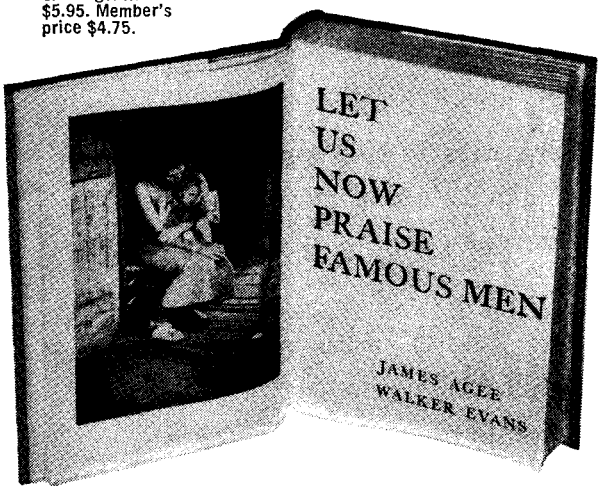

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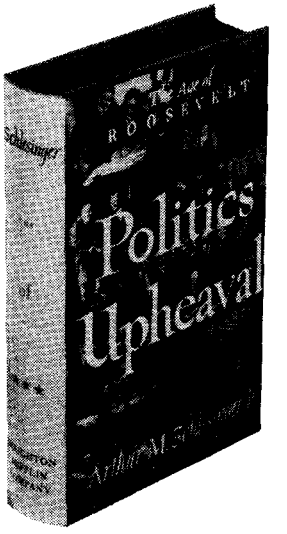

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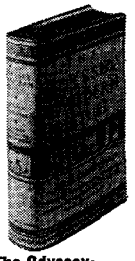

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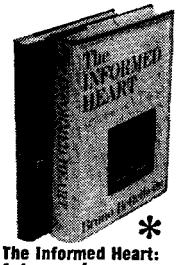

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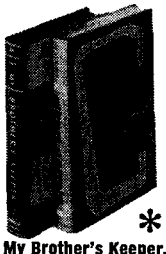

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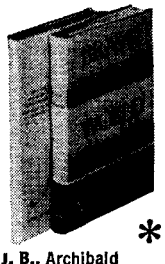

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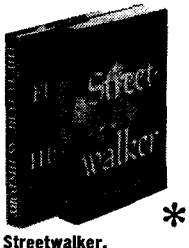

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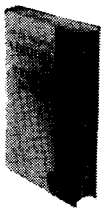

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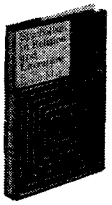

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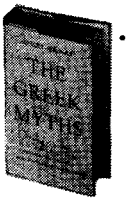

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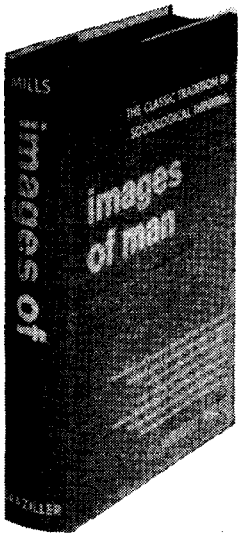

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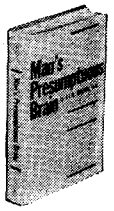

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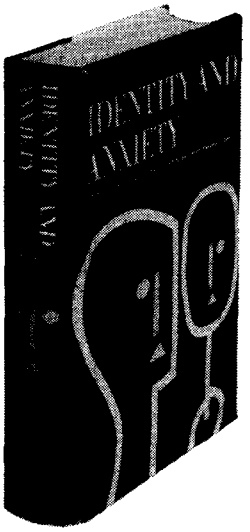

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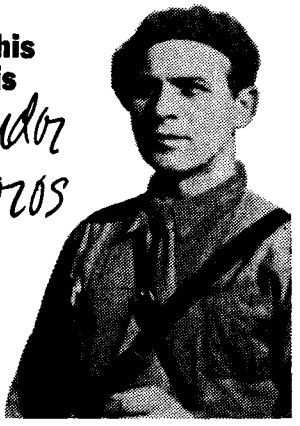

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TAMMANY

To the Editor: "Tammany in Search of a Boss," Meg Greenfield's article in the April 13 *Reporter*, discusses the Democratic Party's "distress" in New York County, pointing out that the mayoralty, the 1962 gubernatorial election, and New York's electoral votes in 1964 may be at stake as a consequence of the conflict. Those who equate their own political philosophy with the fortunes of the Democratic Party may well ask whether there are issues of principle at stake that make the struggle worth these risks.

The more energetic "reformers" are now demanding nothing less than a clean sweep of the existing party hierarchy. Not only must De Sapio and Prendergast go, but so too must Buckley, Sharkey, Clancy, Gerosa, and Stark. But go where? If a "kill" is what is demanded, what are the proposed victims expected to bequeath to their successors?

One may entertain reservations about the incumbent leadership and still concede that they hold their power by the exercise of enterprise and the loyalty of their following. One may argue that this loyalty is misplaced, but it springs from shared identifications and aspirations. No suggestion is made that the regulars stand for proposals incompatible with a liberal democratic program of which their following would be the beneficiaries.

If, through the techniques of "nonrecognition, economic sanctions, and aid to opposition forces," the reformers succeed to the power now held by the regulars, they will not have altered the "differences of class, of habit, of motivation, and of need" which are the bonds which hold the polyglot constituency of New York City to the present leadership. A change in leadership will not accomplish a transference of loyalty to those "younger, better off, and better educated than their 'regular' counterparts." Government by an elite is not a new concept. What is novel is the idea that the Democratic Party should be the instrument which supplies it.

JAMES J. LEFF
New York

To the Editor: Meg Greenfield joins the metropolitan press in taking the insular view that the reform movement in the City of New York is limited to unseating De Sapio. The end of his tenure as leader in the city's third largest borough will be merely one step, although a symbolically significant one, in the task of democratizing the Democratic Party in New York.

Although the reform movement is strongest in the Borough of Manhattan because reform organizations have existed the longest there, it is by no means limited to Manhattan. There are now sixteen reform clubs associated with the New York Committee for Democratic Voters in the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens, with another half dozen in the process of formation. In Queens, for example, there are reform clubs in six out of the borough's thirteen Assembly Districts. Unfortunately, Mayor Wagner has not recognized that the bosses of the other boroughs are, if anything, far less enlightened than even Mr. De Sapio. The mayor has not seen fit to dissociate himself from Brooklyn's Joseph Sharkey or from Bronx Boss Buckley, who is the real strong man of the party in New York City today. Therefore Miss Greenfield is in error in concluding that Mayor Wagner, in recognizing the political liability which Mr. De Sapio has become, has "aligned himself with the reform groups" in his party.

JOSEPH ROSENZWEIG, President
Democratic Voters Association
of the 7th A.D. (Queens)

PORTUGAL'S EMPIRE

To the Editor: Perhaps the journalist's instinct for the factual or the profession's easy familiarity with the need in the face of so many dreamers for hard talk prompts Claire Sterling ("Portugal's Ancient Empire," *The Reporter*, April 13) to dismiss the fact that Portugal is run by a dictator with the words "Salazar may not have been an ideal ally in the ideological sense. But he has been a loyal one. . . ." Moving on to more practical reasons for support, she reminds us that the Doctor did give us a base in the Azores (shortly after he had signed a pact with Franco), and that really the man asks for so little.

I question also Mrs. Sterling's implied guilt by association in her remarks on our delegation's vote at the U.N. on Angola. Does the United States represent a position in the world, or do we as a nation move always toward the comfortable, rationalizing and speaking with a salesman's confidence as we go? Mrs. Sterling asks that we act along team lines, free from the nagging responsibility of thinking about commitment to an ideal, an ideal that can only grow shabby with twisted logic that lets us accommodate the Salazars and Francos.

STEPHEN ARKIN
Amherst, Massachusetts

To the Editor: The problem of Portugal and of its overseas provinces is not of exclusive interest to the Portuguese people, for it affects also, and to a considerable degree, the western world. The Soviet ambition to Communize the world is a fact not open to doubt, and in that Soviet design the Portuguese territory, particularly the Portuguese African territories, occupy a spot of primary importance. Deliberately or accidentally—the proven facts show that it is more deliberately than accidentally—certain new African nations promote activities whose object is to destroy public order and stability where they

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still exist in the African continent. For example, my government has documented proof (some of it read before the Security Council) of foreign interference in Angola, in a conspiracy to upset public order in that province and create conditions which would give to the world outside the appearance of an internal rebellion. These foreign sources provided the guidance and the funds to prepare the tragic events of Angola, whose aim, of course, is to set up a reign of terror and bring chaos to what had been a tranquil and orderly territory.

European Portugal is not a rich territory; its population has reached nine and a half millions, showing one of the fastest rates of population growth in Europe. Admittedly, the economic development of the country has not been as fast as would have been desirable, but it was accomplished nonetheless on its own resources with negligible outside help. The government is fully conscious of the great deal which still remains to be done; it is on that assumption that vast plans and credits were recently established to supplement the work already done. On this particular point, I would have to disagree with Claire Sterling's statement that "Salazar's overriding passion apparently has been to achieve order in Portugal—unfortunately at the price of achieving very little else."

As the economic picture looks today, vast national credits have been allocated for economic development of the overseas provinces, and it is hoped that soon foreign credits will also be applied in that direction. As a result of such plans, it is expected that the economic and social conditions will undergo great improvement in the overseas provinces.

Portugal is not a military power. Its sovereignty over the overseas provinces has never been maintained on the basis of a "military presence." Rather, it was the factors of assimiliation and national identity on the part of the overseas populations which made possible the peaceful formation and development of a unitary nation. But the absence of military power, even as we confront new threats from the outside, will not lead Portugal to deviate from its firm position in upholding its juridical and moral rights. In its international relations with other countries, Portugal has always been guided by the principles of international law and respect for alien sovereignties. We are not about to abdicate from such rights when it comes to ourselves.

In the ultimate analysis of the problem which now confronts Portugal, the fundamental question of survival in the dilemma "free world or Communism" must be weighed. That question has to be understood clearly beforehand if one is to understand why my country remains so firm on its stand, unpopular as it may appear to many.

L. Esteves Fernandes
Ambassador of Portugal
Washington

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Foxes and Hedgehogs

Already the painful period of stock-taking has begun for an administration so new in office. The President, deeply troubled over the misadventure in Cuba and the deepening crises in Laos, Vietnam, and elsewhere, is said to be turning more to the old familiar advisers like Ted Sorensen and brother Bobby. Around Washington, high officials, some somber, some smug, have in one background briefing after another sought to put or pass along the blame for what has happened in the various centers of crisis.

But a good deal of the questioning and searching goes to the Presidency itself and the way the office is being run by the new incumbent. One theory has it that Mr. Kennedy went too far too soon in abandoning the customary councils and relying on personal contact with his various advisers. This tends, according to the argument, to create a climate unfavorable to the articulation of minority opinions.

Another theory is that the Cuban episode represented a failure in the role of the academics who have clustered around the White House. In reply, those in the White House argue that the Cuban disaster was not one that could be blamed on inadequate consultation. Meeting after lengthy meeting was held bringing together the responsible advisers until, as one of them has put it, everyone almost became hypnotized by the constant conferring.

It is too early to reach sweeping conclusions about the new team or the way it plays. As President Kennedy goes about the unpleasant business of setting things in order after the storm—patiently and systematically touching base with all the ancients, Republican and Democratic—he continues to display remarkable stamina.

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Moreover, my dreams of a better society where you people don't clutter up our lives with urges to consume are matched by plain common sense: I know you are here to stay, that our economy might grind to a halt without you, and what's more, that a nation forced to read text without the distraction of girls in bras and liquor in bottles would be a nation of hopeless neurotics.

So I'm going to be constructive if it kills me. How? By giving you one consumer's reactions as to the degree of success or failure your ads enjoy with me, whether on paper or on television. It is my contention that especially on television you are pitching too low and treating us like the mentally retarded. The male voices you use to sell us soap or detergents or waxes or polishes would do splendidly in clinics for the emotionally disturbed—so kind, so gentle, so tender, so repetitive. Do you really think we need that much soothing?

Furthermore, I would like to tell you certain things that you keep showing us we do but which we never do. Number 1: no woman in her right mind takes her wash to the window to see if it's white. Number 2: no woman in her right mind rubs her cheek on newly washed diapers. Number 3: all women know that no bath soap in the world covers the bath and herself in impenetrable lather. I know it has to be impenetrable for reasons of decency, but now that we have the New Frontier, why couldn't you say, "The lather you see here is not from our soap," or "Men—you can see through our lather!"

In other words, be reasonable. The most effective ad on television, as far as I am concerned, was the one where a detergent made dishwashing "almost nice." That got me—that "almost." I've used the stuff ever since.

In passing, I might also add that a good institutional ad is as interesting to women as it is to men. There is a fascination in seeing how a product is made, and I think we would all prefer to see how some cosmetic is made—or would we?—to looking at some dumb babe tell us that her beauty came from using toilet soap. She'd be beautiful if she used axle grease.

Oh, just one more thing. You are making the rearing of responsible children much harder when you show a kid scribbling on walls, planting dirty fingers on white surfaces, and spilling chocolate fudge sundae on the floor. What happens then? Mommy wipes up after him with Mr. Clean. Moral to the young: be a pig and let Mom worry. You would be doing an immense public service if you showed piggie cleaning up his own mess—as indeed he should.

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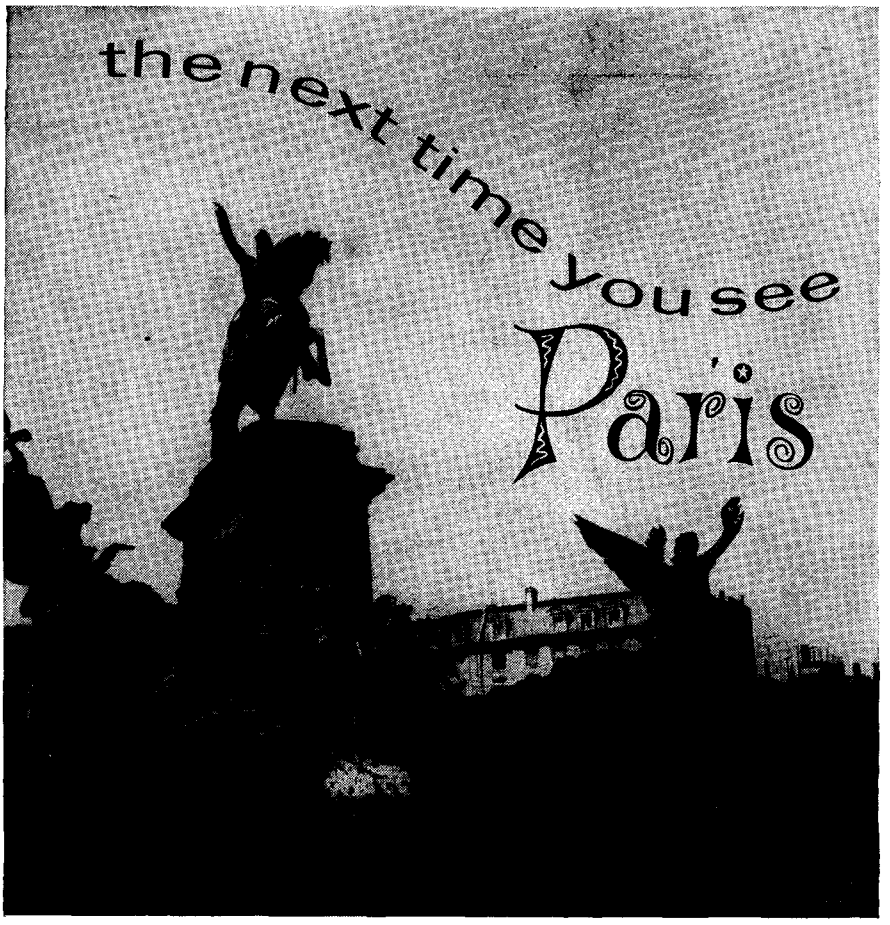
facile, and untiring. But there seems to be a shortage of reflective, brooding types around the President. There may be need in the White House for the slow thinker—the "I may be stupid but" man to sit at the council table.

Plumbers and Philosophers

When John Gardner, president of the Carnegie Corporation, warned not long ago that "We must have respect for both our plumbers and our philosophers, or neither our pipes nor our theories will hold water," he must have been reacting to the elaborate statistics of higher education. Almost everything about college life except how to acquire wisdom has been presented so attractively in precise statistics that nobody wants to be a plumber.

It has been demonstrated that the average college graduate can expect to earn $100,000 more during his lifetime than the man who didn't go to college, so naturally all young men want to enroll. Economic considerations also affect the young women, whether they plan to be career girls or the wives of wage earners. Furthermore, the current ratio of men to women in American colleges and universities is three to one, ample reason in itself for every high-school girl to plan to become a coed. Admissions policies are more selective today, but the U.S. Office of Education shows a rising statistical curve: thirty per cent of all high-school graduates went to college in 1939, compared with fifty per cent today.

The trouble is that we know just enough about college failures to be aware that they make up the most depressing statistics in higher education. Few colleges will release figures on failures, largely because there are so many of them. It is known that about one million of the three million undergraduates now enrolled in U.S. colleges and universities will not graduate. The percentage has been so constant for thirty years that the National Education Association is already able to predict that nearly three million of the seven million college students of 1970 will not finish college. These are the "dropouts," and we can only estimate how many of them are actually flunkouts. Dr. R. E. Iffert of the U.S. Office



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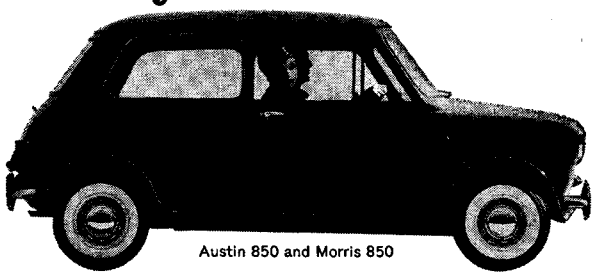

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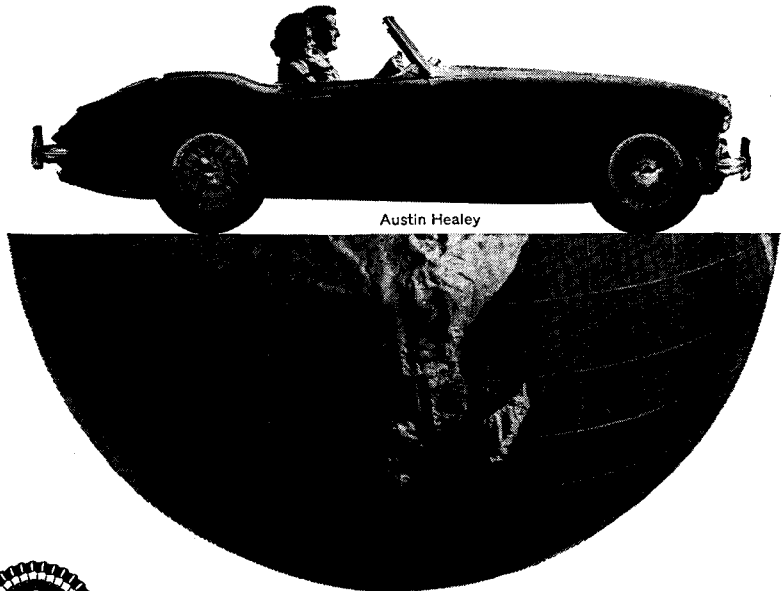

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of Education interviewed some of the dropouts and found that forty per cent of them admitted that they had left college because of poor grades.

It is tempting to think that the flunkouts should never have gone to college at all. However, one authority says that they are actually a cross-section of the entire student body. Thirty University of Miami failures were tested not long ago. Fifteen of them ranged in intelligence from bright normal to superior. *There* are some statistics for the educators to ponder.

On the Road

While the news from abroad may not have been good recently, there was at least one indication that the fires on the home front are still burning brightly. In Albany, Governor Nelson Rockefeller signed into law a bold and imaginative bit of cold-war legislation that only New York has even thought of yet. Assembly Intro. 3245, to be known as the "Subversive Drivers" act, requires the suspension and revocation of the driver's license of anyone who has been convicted, under the Smith Act, of advocating the overthrow of the Federal government.

The New York Civil Liberties Union, in a memorandum urging the governor not to sign the bill, was hard put to discover an issue "affecting the public interest" and also failed to discover a "possible connection between conviction of advocating overthrow of the government and competence to drive." Governor Rockefeller's statement accompanying his approval of the bill ("this measure is consistent with a concept now found in the Vehicle and Traffic Law") did not shed much light on the matter.

It remained for the bill's sponsor, State Assemblyman Paul Taylor of Penn Yan, to straighten out the connection between driving a car and overthrowing a government. Drivers' licenses, Assemblyman Taylor explained to us over the telephone, are not a "right" but a "valuable privilege." The Smith Act Communists, after all, were convicted of advocating the overthrow of the government by force, violence, or assassination. ("They always leave out the assassi-

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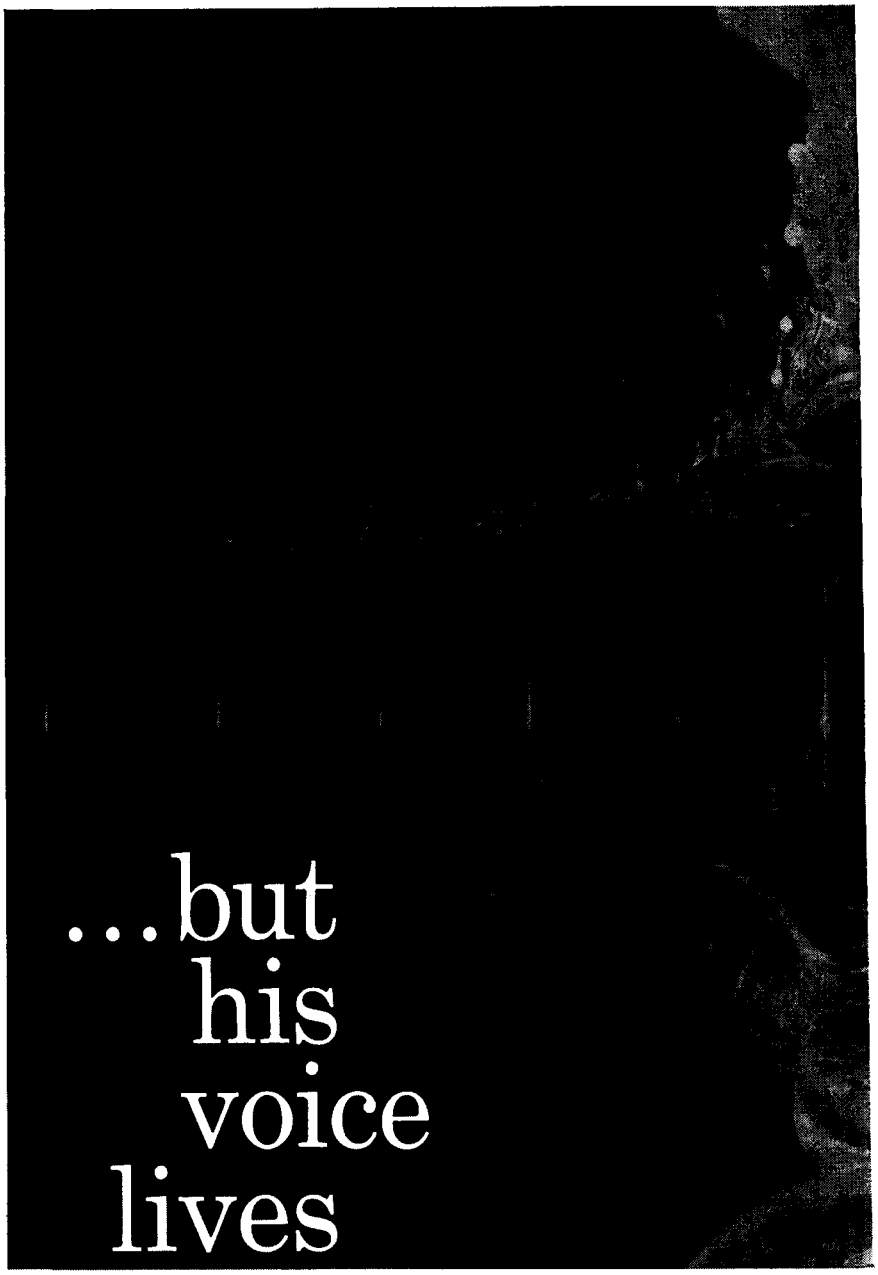
nation," he remarked. "I like to put it in.") Anyone who was convicted under such an act had to be "a person pretty well dedicated to a certain point of view," the assemblyman continued, and anyone with that particular point of view "can't be concerned about the rights of others." Being concerned about the rights of others, he concluded, "is a prerequisite of being a good driver."

How will the new law work? Assemblyman Taylor acknowledged that the bill was primarily aimed at Communist Benjamin Davis, lately prominent in the pro-Lumumba riots at the U.N., who last summer won a court case to regain a driver's license which the state had sought to deny him after his five-year prison term. But the new law will affect others as well. Current estimates put convicted Smith Act Communists at about one hundred for the nation, and around a third of those were convicted in New York. What with deaths, moving about, appeals still pending, and sentences being served, it would seem that at most a few dozen people will be kept away from the wheel in New York. Since any pedestrian will tell you there are a lot more subversive drivers than that loose in the state, it has occurred to us that the Taylor bill may not, in fact, go far enough.

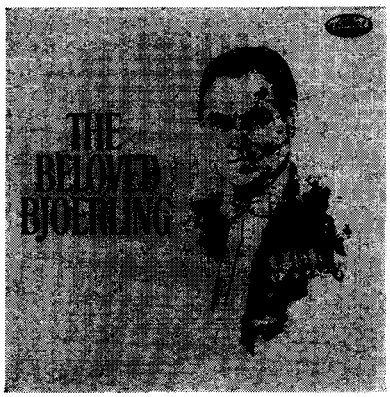
Nevertheless, come what may in Laos and Latin America, New Yorkers are now assured that at least Elizabeth Gurley Flynn isn't out looking for a hydrant to park in front of somewhere, and certainly we will all be able to sleep a little better knowing that Benjamin Davis can no longer drive over to the U.N. and kick up a storm whenever he wants. He will have to take a taxi.

Newsworthy

"Effects of the community-school program on curriculum, including a public acceptance of change and development in what students learn, were described here Wednesday by Dr. Spencer W. Myers. . . . Perhaps Flint has been more open to changes in education as a result of the community's experience in working with annual model changes in the automobile industry, Dr. Myers commented."—*Report in the Flint, Michigan, Journal.*



The final curtain has fallen on the storied career of Jussi Bjoerling. In his passing, the world of opera has lost one of its most brilliant performers. But the immortal voice of "the dominant tenor of his time" lives on through the medium of great recordings. Here are three magnificent albums by Bjoerling with more than 45 selections from the finest opera literature, plus a wonderfully lyrical group of songs and ballads. Truly collector's items. *Monaural only*



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Kennedy and De Gaulle

THE BATTLE for Cuba lasted less than seventy-two hours, the generals' revolt in Algeria less than four days. It is as if the wheels of history had been made to turn with the speed and efficiency of an IBM machine: once a minimum of effort is exerted, the results unfold themselves in massive fullness and at a pace immeasurably beyond that of the human mind. The making of history has become an astonishingly inexpensive business.

Our minds must countercheck the results, undertake the sustained, painful effort of reconstructing what has happened and why it has happened. Inevitably, the mind must proceed slowly and inch its way toward tentative conclusions. It is all too easy now to pillory the CIA, the Cuban exiles, or Mr. Kennedy.

Unquestionably, Fidel Castro is an enemy of ours who is waging a mean, treacherous war on the befuddled Cuban people. The ban on war as a means for bringing about changes in the international community or in the internal order of nations, the rule of no-force imposed by the fact that any substantial use of force may unleash ultimate destruction, all this plays into the hands of those rulers who do not derive their internal power from the consent of the peoples they rule. The Communists have their own way of circumventing the rule of no-force, and Khrushchev himself has bragged about his support of violent anti-western insurrections.

We, on the contrary, are mostly concerned with the wars we cannot wage. We like to talk about limited wars to be fought short of total holocaust. We talk of fomenting or bootlegging revolutions in some of the dictator-ruled countries that happen to be considered the most obnoxious, and when we do something in this direction we magnify whatever we do by talking and talking and talking. We also talk a great deal about peace and international order and world law. In fact we love nothing better than to limit our freedom of action with as many bonds as possible, through the United Nations or the Organization of American States. We neglect no chance for testifying to our belief in the sovereign equality of nations by welcoming with all our heart any newcomers.

Yet somehow we have to defend our existence. It is not enough to be always on the side of world order, considering that we are faced by an enemy undeviatingly determined to extend disorder wherever he is likely to gain from it. It is not enough to uphold our belief in world law when such law is still very far from being formulated, not to say enforceable. As a substitute for action, our government has lately been following the policy of letting others act for us. We act vicariously. We cannot be neutral in the struggle for ultimate power, but we have adopted the habit of encouraging neutrality in other nations, for in anything that is called neutrality—even in Laos—we like to find a guaranty that our enemy has not yet taken over.

Toward Fidel Castro, too, we have taken action, but vicariously. After months of noisy meditation and open conspiracy, a contingent of Cuban exiles, armed and trained by us, has acted for us. The result is known and the shame is ours.

The President has not shunned responsibility. In his speech to the newspaper editors he gave a striking illustration of the inadequacies in our nation's policies. He hinted at the possibility that our country might go it alone in a war against Cuba, and his hint has made it extremely unlikely, if not impossible, that our nation will ever engage in such a war. He recognized the multiple nature of the Communist offensive and the need to counteract its most redoubtable means, which is subversion. But he did all this after the failure of our major and most publicized attempt at subversion.

He has emphasized his responsibility for everything that was done or not done. Undoubtedly there was a quality of generosity in his taking on the full burden for what had happened. But this cannot hide the fact that in circumventing the no-force rule we have once more been proved less than amateurs, and that whenever we make a try at this game we have no allies.

THE SHOCK of the generals' rebellion in France was, if possible, even more shattering than the Cuban affair. For some nightmarish hours it was like reliving the fall of France in June, 1940. This time it would have been the fall of the western coalition. When de Gaulle made his speech to the French people, perhaps he felt as lonely as when in 1940 he made his first broadcast over the BBC.

With lightning determination, de Gaulle crushed the revolt of the same generals who three years ago helped him to power. He is a man who throughout his long, momentous life has never stopped growing. He is now a soldier-statesman who has come to recognize the obsolescence of miltarism, of war, and of colonialism.

It is good to know that at the end of this month the two Presidents, the old man and the young man, will meet. Tried as they have been by the latest events, they must know how much they depend on each other. If they succeed in pooling their wisdom and their power, the three days they spend together will decide the destiny of years to come.

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The Rebellion That Failed

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

"IN WAR or politics de Gaulle's great specialty is the counteroffensive," a Gaullist who has seen the general in action many times since 1940 explained to me. "He rarely moves until the enemy has committed his forces; then he hits at the weak spot with everything he has. He possesses an almost Japanese gift for exploiting the mistakes of his adversaries and for converting his own weaknesses into tactical assets. That's why I'm not worried about the rightist conspiracy that is now being hatched to overthrow him."

That conspiracy was the one that fizzled out last December in the face of an incipient Moslem uprising in Algeria, but the comment is more apposite than ever today in the light of de Gaulle's spectacular triumph over the latest—and possibly the final—offensive of the military and civilian rebels who have been plotting against him almost uninterreputedly since he announced the goal of self-determination for Algeria in September, 1959. Despite its inglorious and astonishingly quick collapse, the military insurrection launched from Algiers on Friday night, April 21, was by far the most powerful blow that has been struck at de Gaulle's leadership. De Gaulle's victory and the way it was won are therefore all the more momentous, not only domestically but in terms of France's whole position in the world.

To a considerable degree, the intransigence displayed by the Algerian nationalist leaders in the secret preliminary negotiations with France created the climate of despair that the fanatics and adventurers needed to enlist the participation or complicity of responsible military leaders. Maurice Challe, until last January NATO commander in chief for the vital Central European sector and one of the most respected officers in the French armed services, had twice turned down offers by the junta of revolutionary colonels to head an anti-Gaullist revolution—first in January, 1960, when as commander in chief in Algeria he was ordered by de Gaulle to suppress the local insurrectionary movement of Pierre Lagaillarde, and again last December after de Gaulle's "Algerian Algeria" speech. General André Zeller, a more politically minded but equally sober and responsible soldier, had likewise repeatedly refused to lend his name to a coup. So had General Grout de Beaufort, until recently the head of de Gaulle's military household; General Paul Allard, former commander of French NATO forces in Germany; and several other high-ranking officers who were more or less seriously implicated in the present affair.

THE REASON why such men, hitherto representative of the purest French military traditions, finally agreed to act as flag-bearers for a clique of fascists, fanatics, and professional conspirators—Colonel Yves Godard, the notorious former chief of security in Algiers, was the dominant figure in the group—was that they had lost hope of saving anything at all in Algeria for France or for the West. Rightly or wrongly, according to responsible French sources who know them well, they were convinced that the F.L.N. spokesmen were determined to break all ties with France and to establish an eastward-oriented if not frankly Communist revolutionary state in Algeria. Their pessimism was shared, up to a point at least, in responsible French government circles. Judging from the bitter and disillusioned tone of his press conference on April 11, de Gaulle himself had only slight hopes of reaching an Algerian settlement that would keep Algeria linked to the West, and he appeared to be preparing public opinion for the eventuality of having to write off the whole vast French investment there.

De Gaulle evidently believes, however, that there is still a chance of saving something in Algeria, and he is prepared to gamble on a negotiation with the F.L.N. as the best hope of doing so. The army, by and large —including many officers who refused to join the insurrection—thought the gamble was hopeless because de Gaulle no longer held any cards except the desperate one of cutting Algeria adrift without any economic support. According to civilian sources close to the military oposition, the belief that de Gaulle was disarmed in dealing with the F.L.N. was enhanced by the conviction—particularly after the U.S. vote on the Angola resolution in the United Nations—that no matter how unreasonable the Algerians showed themselves, France would receive no support from the United States. More fanatical French oppositionists went even further.

"The present wave of right-wing terrorism in Algeria and France is not directed against de Gaulle alone," one of the more moderate French political leaders in Algeria told me a few days before the rebellion. "It is just as much a desperate gesture of protest against American policy in the United Nations."

Shocking western leadership into awareness of the Communist threat in North Africa was undoubtedly one of the key objectives of the rebel leaders in Algeria. Many of them were probably inspired by more sordid or sinister motives—blind hatred of de Gaulle, ideological passion, and sheer ambition—but to men like Challe and Zeller the enterprise would justify itself if it merely awoke the West from what they consider its fatal torpor.

A Question of Timing

Originally the rebels had hoped to establish a new régime in Paris after capturing de Gaulle. The coup seems to have been planned for the first week in May, when de Gaulle was scheduled to visit eastern France. The laconic announcement from the Elysée that the trip had been canceled revealed to the rebels

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that the government was aware of their plans. Instead of abandoning the whole mad project at this point they adopted a suggestion from Godard—a shrewd tactician himself and one of the Indo-China veterans who have fallen under the spell of Mao Tse-tung's military doctrines—to recover the element of surprise by advancing the date of the operation. Since the government was expecting an insurrection in early May, it would not be prepared for one ten days earlier.

The French counter-revolution achieved its initial objectives with ease. Surprise was total. De Gaulle was attending a gala performance of Robert Hirsch's iconoclastic and controversial production of Racine's *Britannicus* at the Comédie Française when units of the Foreign Legion began moving into public buildings in Algiers, taking prisoner in the process de Gaulle's commander in chief General Fernand Gambiez, one of his ministers on mission in Algeria, and the government's delegate, Jean Morin. Several zonal commanders who had not been in on the plot promptly joined the insurrection, or meekly allowed themselves to be ejected from their headquarters by its agents. In mainland France public opinion seemed stunned, and there were signs of considerable demoralization in and around the government. If the insurrectionists had been able to land a few thousand paratroopers in the Paris area on the night of Saturday, April 22, they might have made themselves masters of the capital.

They knew they had many high-level sympathizers and potential supporters in the army and in the administration and that the civilian activist squads of the extreme Right were available to help spread disorganization, but in order to preserve security there had been little advance planning of co-ordinated action. Above all, the conspirators had been obliged to scrap the one key feature of their original plan—the neutralization of de Gaulle by one means or another. It proved their undoing.

De Gaulle was confronted with an emergency that called for split-second timing and a rare blend of coolness and energy. If he moved too slowly or showed too much patience, the insurrectionists would be able to break down his authority by psychological attrition as they did that of former Premier Pflimlin in May, 1958. On the other hand, if he moved too fast and called immediately on military units whose loyalty was uncertain, he would risk enlisting in the insurrection large sections of the metropolitan armed forces. For at least twenty-four hours the reliability of the military and the police forces seemed as dubious as it had been in 1958, when Interior Minister Jules Moch found himself trying to defend the Republic with a cardboard saber. If, however, de Gaulle called the people of Paris to arms, as Moch had once thought of doing, he would inevitably be arming the Communists for civil war—and nothing was more certain to turn the whole army and police force against him. For all practical purposes, he had to fight a two-front war. It was just the kind of situation de Gaulle has the supreme ability to face.

In his brief TV address to the nation on Sunday evening, April 23, he castigated the "quartet of retired generals" (Challe and Zeller plus Raoul Salan and Edmond Jouhaud) and forbade all Frenchmen to obey their orders. Never before had de Gaulle spoken in public with such scorn and such cold fury. In uncompromising language, he told soldiers not to obey their mutinous officers.

He was equally firm in appealing to trade-union leaders for working-class support. He supported the proposals for a symbolic one-hour work stoppage the next afternoon, but vetoed Communist-inspired plans for mass demonstrations. De Gaulle was quick and sure-handed in exploiting a misguided attempt at psychological warfare on the part of the Algiers junta. When word came through in the night of April 23 that an aerial invasion armada was assembling on the Algerian airfields, acting Interior Minister Roger Frey, on instructions from the Elysée, began enrolling and equipping the militia volunteers who flocked to the Ministry of the Interior. While the recruits struggled into fatigues and combat boots in the courtyard of the Ministry, André Malraux, Minister for Cultural Affairs, reverting to his wartime personality as Colonel Berger of the Resistance, harangued them from a ground-floor window. It was a stirring performance. Most of the volunteers were card-carrying members of the Gaullist U.N.R. party. But with them the editorial staff of Claude Bourdet's weekly *France-Observateur*, despite the paper's uncompromising criticism of de Gaulle's Algerian policy, enlisted almost en masse. More businesslike neighborhood defense units, led in many cases by well-known Communist agitators, showed up during the night at precinct police stations clamoring for arms to repel the fascist invaders, but nearly everywhere they were put off with various excuses. Next day such volunteers as were considered useful and reliable were incorporated in a newly activated infantry division under hand-picked professional or reserve officers—to the extreme disgust of the Communists, who accused de Gaulle of sabotaging the patriotic élan of the masses. Actually, the call-up of reservists or volunteers, like the one-hour strike, appears to have had a tonic effect on public morale without dangerously exciting partisan passions.

After Victory, a New Attack

De Gaulle struck his decisive blow, on April 25. When I went to the National Assembly in the afternoon to hear the official message by which de Gaulle invoked the almost unlimited powers the new constitution bestows upon the president in a national emergency—a message listened to with respect but surprising coldness by a sizable fraction of the Assembly—many politicians and journalists were predicting that a prolonged blockade of the insurrectionists would be necessary.

"I don't see how the rebels can hope to win in the present aroused state of public opinion here," a mod-

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erate right-wing politician said, "but I don't see how de Gaulle can crush them either."

The rebels had then failed to capture either de Gaulle or Paris. De Gaulle ordered the French fleet to sail for Algeria to support local counter-insurrectionary forces. Later in the day the government published a directive from the president in his role as commander in chief ordering military personnel not merely to disobey their illegal chiefs but to turn their weapons against them. Even twelve hours earlier, such an order might have led to civil war. Instead it led to the comparatively bloodless attack of gendarmes and zouaves in Algiers that put the leaders of the insurrection to ignominious flight. De Gaulle had turned the tide; the army in mainland France did not revolt, and the people were for him.

The way the rebellion ended was as significant as the fact that it did end. A more heroic or simply more dignified withdrawal from Algiers would have enabled the mutineers to carry out what seems all along to have been their fallback plan: the establishment in Algeria of a settlers' redoubt, or solid guerrilla base, that could hold out almost indefinitely against both the French government and the F.L.N.

THE LAST internal obstacle has thus been removed to de Gaulle's plan for negotiating a settlement with the F.L.N. At the same time, de Gaulle has dramatically demonstrated his good faith to any Algerian nationalists who themselves in good faith may have doubted it. He has also so dramatized his role as a dauntless champion of peace and self-determination for Algeria that for a long time to come, F.L.N. propagandists will have a hard time convincing world opinion that France is in the wrong or is weak whenever differences arise during the negotiation. In consequence, de Gaulle will in fact hold some high cards when the negotiations finally commence. He is likely to prove a tougher negotiator than ever, which he needs to be if an acceptable settlement is to be reached.

It remains to be seen whether any settlement worthy of the name—one that respects legitimate French and western interests in Algeria—can be worked out. If it is not, most of the strength and the unity that de Gaulle has earned or saved for France during the latest crisis will gradually be dissipated.

But subject to his eventual success in achieving the goal he has set for himself and for France in Algeria, de Gaulle can claim far more than a negative victory. He has not merely once more saved the republic; he has enhanced and invigorated it just when the need was greatest. The French Army has inevitably been weakened by the ordeal, but there are indications that de Gaulle will succeed in converting even this weakness into a diplomatic asset. He is grateful to President Kennedy for the support offered him at the most uncertain moment of the crisis, but if Washington hopes for a more docile French attitude in NATO, major disappointments are in store. De Gaulle is more determined than ever to equip the French Army with its own nuclear deterrent and appropriate means of delivery. It is the best way, he thinks, for rebuilding and modernizing the French Army and disbanding the old-fashioned, incorrigibly colonialist units that have no place in a modern army.

The Invasion That Could Not Succeed

STUART NOVINS

MIAMI

ASIDE FROM its shattering effects on the anti-Castro movement and U.S. prestige, the story of last month's disastrous "invasion" of Cuba also involves the gravest questions about what we can or cannot do to affect the island's future politics and basic social structure.

The U.S. Central Intelligence Agency moved into the confused and fragmented Cuban-exile situation in May of 1960, when there was no longer any doubt that Castro's ties with the Communist bloc represented an active threat to the rest of Latin America and, by extension, to the United States. The Havana régime was serving as a pipeline for pro-Soviet propaganda, feeding steady streams of money, agents, and political direction to the pro-Castro forces in the rest of the hemisphere. It had sent eighty of its air force fliers to Czechoslovakia to train as jet pilots. It had aligned itself firmly with the Communist bloc at the United Nations. It had mounted or encouraged military attacks against the governments of Panama, the Dominican Republic, and Haiti. And the CIA had received reports of strange construction projects near Tapaste, in Havana Province, and Soroa, in Pinar del Rio, that looked very much like missile-launching sites. In short, as Washington—or at least certain groups in Washington—saw it, Castro had become a menace that could no longer be tolerated. He had to go.

With the approval of President Eisenhower, who had listened carefully as Vice-President Nixon urged action against Castro, the CIA began to plan its operation to overthrow Cuba's Maximum Leader. There is ample indication now, looking backward, that once the operation had been approved, the cloak of secrecy kept even the White House from full knowledge of what was going on.

THERE WERE thousands of Cuban refugees in this country in the spring of 1960. Politically, they were as divided on this side of the Florida Strait as they had been in Cuba. The ideological spectrum ranged from such Batista henchmen as Rolando Masferrer on the far Right to the leftist but anti-Communist M.R.P. (People's Revolutionary Movement), headed by Manolo Antonio Ray, Castro's former Minister of Public Works. In between and largely gathered under the Revolutionary Front were an assortment of

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conservative and middle-of-the-road elements represented by such figures as Manuel Antonio de Varona, former head of the old Auténtico Party, and José Miro Cardona, Castro's first premier. The ideological conflicts among the rebels usually found Ray's M.R.P. lined up against the Revolutionary Front, which was dominated by the Movement for Revolutionary Recovery (M.R.R.) and its leading figure, Captain Manuel Artime.

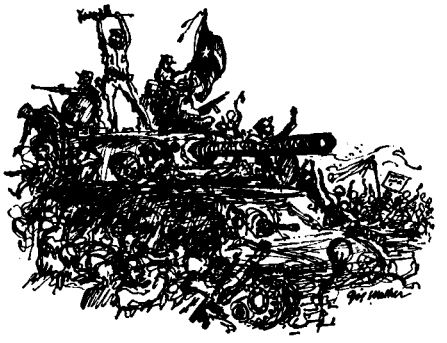
The first problem was to unite these groups, to get some kind of coalition executive authority to lead them and produce an effective rebel army. This job was delegated by the CIA to one of its deputy directors, Richard M. Bissell, Jr. Each group that could muster enough men and the money to support them opened its own recruiting and training camps on American soil, in Florida, Texas, and Louisiana. The CIA, according to the Cubans in charge of the camps, also opened several training centers in Guatemala, and provided supplies, money, instructors, equipment, uniforms, and military direction.

By early 1961 there were some two or three thousand rebel soldiers in some stage of training in the United States. They included special task-force groups of guerrilla commandos, many of them trained at a U.S. Army jungle-warfare school in Panama. Reflecting the fragmentation of refugee politics, the forces were broken up into groups, each with its own political orientation and with little liaison with one another. Their one common aim was to get rid of Castro. The catalyst was the Central Intelligence Agency.

¡Artime, Si! ¡Ray, No!

Even in the early stages of the build-up, the CIA agents in the field used their resources to advance the capabilities of right-wing groups, including some Batista supporters. By withholding funds and material help from the left-of-center groups, the CIA kept them skeletal and spare. The CIA field men failed to see or chose to ignore the fact that the left-of-center groups were attracting most of the support in Cuba itself.

One such group is the M.R.P. Its leader, Manolo Antonio Ray, had been the head of Castro's sabotage unit inside Havana during the two-year battle against Batista. Disenchanted with Castro's empty promises of democracy and his drive toward Communist dictatorship, Ray broke with Fidelismo after eight months as a minister in the new régime. He went underground, organ-



ized a clandestine operation, and spent another eight months eluding Castro's agents in Cuba. When he came out of Cuba last fall, he left behind him a nucleus for an island-wide sabotage network.

When the CIA began to give direct financing to the operations of the conservative groups, Ray still had to rely almost entirely upon his own resources. He opened his own camps, financed them by selling one-peso stamps to sympathizers inside Cuba. With collections that ultimately reached sixty thousand pesos a month, he began to expand his organization. He received little or no help from the CIA.

THE PRINCIPAL RECIPIENT of tactical and financial support from the CIA was the Revolutionary Front, in particular its most aggressive member group, the M.R.R., whose twenty-nine-year-old leader, Manuel Artime, was closely identified with the Spanish Jesuit community in Cuba but not very widely supported by the Cuban-born clergy. With CIA blessing, Artime was named commander of the field forces by the Revolutionary Council. He has been called a Franco Falangist by some of the Ray people (but not by Ray himself). Ray, on the other hand, has been called a Communist by some of Artime's friends (but not by Artime himself). Neither faction is likely to be chosen Honor Troop of the year.

It would be an oversimplification to say that these two men were the only antagonists in the internecine conflict. They do, however, represent two fundamentally different approaches to what—except for the tragic implications of recent events—might be Cuba's future, both politically and economically.

Except for the Batistanos, the right-wing groups in general are dedicated to the principles of constitutional democracy, with guarantees of civil rights, habeas corpus, free general elections, civil justice, and a free press. Ray's M.R.P. shares all these convictions. The real differences lie in the area of social and economic policy.

The right wing would like things to be pretty much as they were before Castro. It contends that Cuba's trouble can be solved only by a return to an easygoing laissez-faire economy. It has little or no use for land reform. The M.R.P. and its supporters, on the other hand, are convinced that the Cuban social revolution was inevitable, long overdue, and generally desirable. They insist, however, that when they nationalize public utilities or when they initiate an honest land-reform program (in which the farmer actually owns the land, as he does not under Castro), there will be fair compensation for the original owners.

These, in general, were the conflicts that divided the anti-Castro groups. But while the Revolutionary Front was expanding, with the help of the CIA, among the refugees outside Cuba, the M.R.P. and other left-wing groups were expanding among the anti-Castroites inside Cuba.

At Home and Abroad

At the end of 1960 the rebel groups in the CIA camps were being trained with tanks, mortars, rifles, and small arms. The instructors in the camps were Spanish-speaking North Americans in civilian clothes. There were also at least one Filipino veteran of the war against the Huks and several East Europeans who worked through interpreters. The air force of the rebel movement was training with C-46 and C-54 transports, with P-51 fighters and B-26 bombers. Their instructors on at least one base, Retalhuleu in Guatemala, included seven U.S. jet-fighter pilots, although there is no evidence at this point that the rebel air force had Cuban-piloted jets. The

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rebel navy was working with PT boats, capable of speeds up to fifty knots, and with converted yachts of many sizes, including one 175 feet long with a thirty-foot beam. Many of the boats carried twin fifty-caliber machine guns and some had heavier guns.

In the underground network inside Cuba, the M.R.P., working with only token CIA help, had established by the end of last year a clandestine operation of major significance. It was by far the most effective and best co-ordinated underground network in the country. One of the chief co-ordinators of the M.R.P. underground, a man who has gone into and out of Cuba with spectacular regularity, has given an account of its structure. There was an executive committee of seven men, operating from a highly mobile headquarters. From this headquarters, the tentacles of the underground movement spread out across Cuba. In each of Cuba's provinces there was a seven-man provincial executive council, which included a chairman, a secretary-treasurer, a leader of professional-group cells, one for students, one for civil-resistance groups, one for general resistance, and one for an "action group." The leaders in any single province did not know the identities of their counterparts in the other provinces.

From the provincial level, the M.R.P. organization reached downward to the counties. Here the activities were divided, as in the higher departments, according to their assigned functions. Again, each man knew only the other six men with whom he worked directly and the one liaison man in the next higher echelon. The communications lines from the county level fanned out into every town and city on the island.

Each month, M.R.P. stamps at one peso each and dated on the reverse side were sold to sympathizers throughout the island. This served a double purpose. It made it desirable for sympathizers to keep a collection of the M.R.P. stamps whose dates would indicate early support of the anti-Castro movement. It also served to maintain regular contact between M.R.P. representatives and sympathizers. Often this regular contact helped increase volunteer membership in the activist M.R.P.

Naturally, increased sabotage activities of the M.R.P. inside Cuba required bases in the United States and elsewhere for supply, communications, and co-ordination. Though the CIA approved these bases, it provided very little material support.

A Shotgun Wedding

The rapid growth of the anti-Castro activities and the urgent need to combine the two movements and their operations made a kind of shotgun marriage imperative. Toward the middle of February of this year, therefore, the CIA brought the leaders of the opposing factions together and told them to work out a *modus vivendi* or else.

The conservative groups in the Revolutionary Front were told that

if they didn't co-operate, their supplies would be cut off. The M.R.P. was told that if it agreed to join the coalition, it would begin to get substantial supplies and assistance.

On March 22 it was announced in New York that a Revolutionary Council had been formed two days earlier in Miami in order to unify all opposition against the Fidel Castro government. The provisional president of the Council was José Miro Cardona, who had broken with Fidelismo soon after he had become Castro's first premier. The understanding was that Miro Cardona would become president of a government in arms when the rebels occupied liberated Cuban soil, and in that capacity ask for diplomatic recognition. The Council promised free general elections within eighteen months after Castro's defeat.

Aside from Miro Cardona, the seven-man Revolutionary Council included Justo Carillo of the Revolutionary Front, who had been the Cuban representative in the World Bank; Manuel Antonio de Varona, a former premier in the pre-Batista Prio government; Manolo Ray of the M.R.P.; Carlos Hevia, who was to handle foreign affairs; Antonio Maceo, grandson of a revered Cuban liberator; and young Manuel Artime of the M.R.R. The predominant political complexion of the Council was conservative. Given its dependence on outside support, the Council could certainly not have been formed without the approval, if not the direction, of the CIA.

The formation of the Council came shortly after the CIA learned that fifteen Russian jets had been delivered to Cuba and were being held in crates until the return in June of Cuban pilot-trainees from Czechoslovakia. Simultaneously, Castro began a series of arrests of "counter-revolutionaries," which indicated the rapidly tightening control he was exerting over the lives of Cuba's six million inhabitants. With help from Russian, Czechoslovak, and Communist Chinese "technicians," he organized a clandestine counterintelligence network of his own that reported on every city block, on every town and farm.

At this point, it was decided in Washington that any attempt to overthrow Castro could no longer be postponed. The urgency was heightened by CIA reports that there was growing unrest inside Cuba as a result of economic deterioration that had eroded much of the good will toward Castro among the poorer classes.

The Green Light

In the third week of March, President Miguel Ydígoras of Guatemala, under severe pressure from pro-Castro elements among his own nationals, notified the operators of the Cuban rebel training bases in his country that they would have to get out by June 1. On Wednesday, March 29, with the approval of the White House, an order for total alert and mobilization of the rebel forces was issued by the Revolutionary Council. Boats and planes carried anti-Castro troops from Florida bases to Guatemala, Nicaragua, and other Central American points, and

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rebel doctors and nurses were moved to a hospital ship off the Florida coast. Exceptionally heavy purchases of blood plasma and medical supplies were reported in the Miami area. According to a high official of the Revolutionary Council, the rebel leaders received assurances from at least six governments in the hemisphere that diplomatic recognition would be forthcoming as soon as a stable beachhead had been secured on Cuban soil.

Miami buzzed with the open secret of the coming invasion. Even the names of the CIA agents and their telephone numbers were almost common knowledge. Into this highly charged atmosphere Castro had infiltrated at least a hundred spies, many of them known to local police agencies but ignored by Federal security officers. Local police exercised what they called "selective law enforcement," picking up the most active Castro agents on charges good enough to keep them out of circulation, at least temporarily.

Under these conditions, it was naturally impossible to keep the story out of the news. A few reporters, who for weeks had been performing acrobatic feats to protect the CIA, began to mention the mobilization in dispatches that raised a number of questions about the coordination and control of the rebel invasion forces. Similar questions were being asked at the White House. Although, according to administration sources, Mr. Kennedy had not been briefed on the project during the pre-election period, he had been receiving a fairly steady flow of progress reports from his staff throughout March.

THE PROSPECTS were not very reassuring. By now it was clear that CIA agents in the field had, in effect, been making policy by backing one political group against another. It was an effort that would have tended to shape the future of Cuba's post-Castro government. Further, the CIA had imposed an invasion plan on the Revolutionary Council that contemplated sending the full complement of rebel troops into Cuba in one wave against a single beachhead target. The idea was that such a landing in force would ignite popular unrest, which the CIA regarded as already widespread across Cuba, into a number of local uprisings.

The Ray group, however, opposed the single-shaft strategy. Its intelligence, remarkably good even within Castro's own headquarters, showed that Castro had thirty thousand men in his regular army, armed with infantry weapons, tanks, light and medium artillery, and heavy mortars. He also had an armed militia numbering at least 120,000. Castro's air force had six T-33 jet trainers converted to bombers, six British-made Sea Furies, five B-26s, and C-47 transports and helicopters. He had thirty pilots and good ground crews. His navy had PT boats, of which thirty had been delivered from East Germany only six weeks earlier, and three frigates.

Ray's M.R.P. group argued that no rebel beachhead could hope to survive against this force. In protest, leaders of the M.R.P. came near pulling out of the Revolutionary Council, but decided to stay in rather than provide any comfort to Castro.

The plan was changed. There would be an attack by a smaller force that, it was hoped, would create enough action to start popular rebellions across Cuba. After these uprisings, more rebel troops would be landed at separate beachheads. These would consolidate, and the provisional government would then move in to set up a government-in-arms.

This revised plan, according to sources in the White House, was based on CIA intelligence estimates and was approved by the agency and by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. On the basis of this recommendation and confronted with a CIA-confirmed report that about ten Russian cargo ships were unloading tanks and heavy equipment in Havana, President Kennedy flashed the green light. At the same time, he ordered a housecleaning of the rebel camps to screen out and remove Batista supporters; he specifically ordered the arrest of Rolando Masferrer. While some segments of the CIA operation did clean Batistanos out of some rebel camps, Batista supporters were actually placed in command positions in other camps.

The Revolutionary Council held a secret meeting on April 16, just one day before the invasion. At that meeting, the Council was not told by the CIA when the landing would be made or where. Although the basic plan was predicated on the expectation of widespread popular uprisings, the one man whose word might have done most to set off internal rebellion was not given any specific information: Manolo Ray of the M.R.P. was at the meeting, but like the other Council members he was kept entirely in the dark about what was about to happen. Together with all the other members of the Revolutionary Council except Manuel Artime, Ray was kept incommunicado by the CIA until the invasion had failed.

Death in the Swamps

A few minutes after 1:30 A.M. on Monday, April 17, the first elements of the landing force hit the Cienaga de Zapata swamps of Las Villas Province. They were largely members of right-wing groups.

Most of the assault troops, about thirteen hundred strong, had come from the Great Corn and Little Corn Islands off the coast of Nicaragua, territory leased to the United States by Nicaragua under a long-term arrangement. It was a sea-borne landing supported from the air by small parachute drops of supplies.

There were no popular uprisings. Manolo Ray's underground, all prepared to hit preselected targets and ready to appeal to the Cuban people over at least fourteen transmitters scattered across the country, never went into action. It had received no advance word of the landing.

The invasion troops penetrated into the swamps during the first hours to points approximately twenty miles inland. Their movements were restricted to a narrow footpath that twisted through the bogs onto an old narrow-gauge railway bed and to a short stretch of new road that runs almost parallel to the coastline.

There was no place for them to go. Even if they had been able to break out of the beachhead and had spurred on toward the Central Highway, they would have found themselves in Cuba's central plains, with little protection from air attack and trapped by a road net ideally adapted to Castro's tanks. By moving in his

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tanks on the eastern flank of the beachhead and by using his planes to hammer the embarkation and supply boats, Castro cut the invasion to ribbons.

Apart from the obvious international implications of this fiasco, the effects of the defeat on both the rebels and Castro were immediately evident. Castro, stronger than ever, immediately raked into his jails at least fifty thousand suspects. He had to use the Havana Sports Palace, several hotels, and even the moats of Morro Castle to house them. Inevitably he picked up many of the men of the anti-Castro underground. In Miami it was assumed their communications and organization were so disrupted that it would take months if not years to approach the previous peak of effectiveness. Later reports, however, indicated that the greater part of the underground had survived. For Manolo Ray and the M.R.P. the news meant a renewed effort—this time without benefit of CIA and Cuban right-wing assistance. The rest of the anti-Castro organization outside Cuba had little to ease their demoralization and despair.

THE TRAGIC EPISODE of Las Villas raises a number of obvious questions about the activities of the Central Intelligence Agency. But beyond that, there is reason to doubt that even if the attack had been successful it could have produced a viable political resolution for the bloody turmoil of Cuba's recent history. To liberate Cuba from outside, with a government to be imposed from outside, is not the most promising way to promote a stable democracy in Cuba and to advance the social and economic welfare of its people. Not only does Cuba know this, but far more important, the rest of Latin America knows it too. «»

Is All the News Fit to Print?

DOUGLASS CATER AND CHARLES L. BARTLETT

WASHINGTON

THE ABORTIVE "invasion" of Cuba represented a triumph of sorts for old-fashioned American journalistic enterprise. The story was covered heavily if not always well. Months before the landings, the press spotted and described the military activities both in the numerous refugee training camps around Miami and at Retalhuleu Air Base in Guatemala. Remarkedly detailed reports were published and broadcast describing the stepped-up preparations as well as the prepared agenda of sabotage, troop landings, popular uprisings, and, finally, the setting up of a provisional government that would claim recognition in place of Castro.

All the publicity had a number of quite direct effects on U.S. policy:

¶ It stripped the cover off what was supposed to be a highly covert operation of the Central Intelligence Agency.

¶ It made impossible the pretense, planned in the event the landing failed, that this was merely one of a series of guerrilla operations.

¶ It provided daily ammunition at the U.N. for Cuban delegate Raul Roa, Soviet delegate Valerian A. Zorin, and others, who relied on the press accounts to document their protests that the United States was carrying on open aggression against Cuba in contravention of its treaty obligations. Jiri Nosek of Czechoslovakia charged: "The existence of these mercenary bands financed, armed, and trained by the United States is a generally well-known fact which has been openly mentioned in the American press."

¶ Finally, though no one claimed that the Cuban affair would have succeeded if it had been carried out in secrecy, it raised the serious question whether the United States was in fact capable of carrying on clandestine operations in the struggle against the spread of Communism so long as the press remained free and irrepressible.

CERTAINLY there was nothing in the way this story unfolded to offer an easy answer. Last November, the *Nation* carried an account of a recent visit to Guatemala by Dr. Ronald Hilton, director of the Institute of Hispanic-American Studies at Stanford University, in which he reported rumors that the CIA had acquired a million-dollar base of Retalhuleu for conducting anti-Castro activities. But the *Nation* could not claim to have broken the story. Earlier versions had appeared in the *Hispanic-American Report* of Hilton's institute in October and in the Guatemala paper *La Hora*, written by Clemente Marroquín Rojas.

The CIA's involvement was not very well protected when, later that month, Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Jr., the inspector-general of the agency, made a broadcast speech to the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco. Someone asked him to comment on Hilton's statement that it would be a black day if the CIA was behind the anti-Castro effort and got caught. Kirkpatrick replied, "It will always be a black day for the U.S. whenever the CIA gets caught."

Soon after, both Don Dwiggins of the Los Angeles *Mirror* and Richard Dudman of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* made separate trips to Guatemala, where they confirmed the existence of the base and pointed to strong evidence that it was a staging area for anti-Castro Cubans. But the story was slow to break across the nation. On December 23, an irate letter writer in the Berkeley, California, *Gazette* remarked, "It is significant to note that the popular press of this country has almost completely ignored this important story, and I can only conclude the journalists are purposely suppressing [it]."

Time magazine of January 6 rectified this by printing a brief account of a "mystery strip" in Guatemala. Four days later the New York *Times* carried a front-page story entitled "U.S. Helps Train an Anti-Castro Force at Secret Guatemalan Air-Ground Base." Reporter Paul Kennedy described how "because of a momentary lapse of security," he had penetrated the Helvetia coffee plantation, where the base was located. He mentioned that "Officers appearing to wear United States Air Force uniforms have been seen in downtown Retalhuleu driving automobiles . . ." It was by far the most

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definitive account of what was going on.

The impact of the *Times* story was immediate. In Florida, a number of editors who had been maintaining a discreet silence about the strange happenings around Miami promptly decided to remove the lid.

Coverage of the immediate pre-invasion activities was given a considerable boost when two experienced reporters on Cuba, Tad Szulc of the *Times* and Stuart Novins of CBS, arrived in Miami, probably tipped off about the "mobilization order" directed to Cuban refugees on March 29. From the jealous and talkative leaders of the various rebel movements, they soon obtained material for remarkably accurate accounts of what was about to happen. For several days they held back on publishing their stories but early in April decided to go ahead.

It was only one final step when on April 21, with the whole operation in a shambles, *Times* correspondents James Reston and Wallace Carroll pinned it clearly on the CIA. Within hours, newspapers were calling the CIA for photographs of Richard M. Bissell, Jr., who, according to Carroll, had managed the project.

The Not So Silent Service

This was not the first time the press has been acutely aware of the CIA, an organization whose physical presence is being dramatized in Washington by the construction of a huge new office building on the bank of the Potomac. Last summer, CIA's role in the U-2 incident was openly admitted by high administration officials during the confusion that followed the Soviet capture of Francis Gary Powers. Earlier intrigues had been better concealed. Most reporters, for example, only vaguely suspected that the agency played a part in the 1953 crisis when Premier Mossadegh was thrown out of power in Iran. Not until four months after the overthrow of the Arbenz government of Guatemala in 1954 was that operation ascribed with any certainty to the workings of the CIA.

In recent years, under Director Allen W. Dulles, the CIA has tended to grow considerably less cautious in its public relations, commencing with an interview Dulles granted in 1954 to *U.S. News & World Report* entitled, ironically, "We Tell Russia Too Much." Dulles is a man who likes his part in the flow of news that leaves Washington. In contrast to his predecessor, General Walter Bedell Smith, he has developed cordial relations with a number of reporters. His philosophy was reflected in a 1957 speech in which he said, "I am the head of the silent service and cannot advertise my wares. Sometimes, I admit, this is a bit irksome. Often we know a bit more about what is going on in the world than we are credited with, and we realize a little advertisement might improve our public relations."

The Editor's Dilemma

His example has been contagious. The desire of CIA officials for more recognition has brought forth a growing volume of magazine articles, interviews, and speeches. During the U-2 crisis, a visiting correspondent from *Der Spiegel,* the rather sensational German weekly, interviewed a member of the CIA command in preparing a lengthy feature story for his magazine. It has all contributed to the reporter's tendency to report on the agency just as on any other governmental department.

Yet the dilemma of the U.S. press in dealing with this agency was clearly reflected in the varying ways in which different newspapers approached CIA's involvement in the Cuban operation. In March, the Washington *Post* spiked a story reporting Cuban refugee dissatisfaction with the CIA. The *Wall Street Journal,* as late as April 20, only hinted that the CIA was behind things: "The world is accepting—despite official U.S. disclaimers—the idea that the Cuban invasion is very much a U.S. affair." The New York *Herald Tribune* did not mention the CIA until after the agency had been directly implicated by the *Times* on April 21. In Europe, however, both the British and French newspapers freely referred to the CIA in the days before the landing.

The dilemma was very much part of the discussion of the editors who were gathering for their convention in Washington as the Cuban story reached its unhappy climax. Turner Catledge, managing editor of the New York *Times* and retiring president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, was convinced that his paper had done the right thing. "If I have any regrets about this story," he declared, "it is that we didn't get into it a great deal earlier." Catledge's position is that the newspaper editor has no means for making delicate judgments about matters affecting the government's interests. "Our primary obligation is to our readers," he states flatly. "I wouldn't know how to interpret our obligation to the government."

One who felt less assured about this was William C. Baggs, the able young editor of the Miami *Daily News.* Working right in the midst of the refugee preparations, Baggs admits that he played down stories about incidents around the camps and held back on investigating the larger story until the New York *Times* broke it in January. But he is not sure now that this was the right course. "Once you make a decision to withhold the news, it raises the question of how far you go and when you stop." Even the best-informed editor, he feels, lacks the background for making such decisions.

THE KENNEDY ADMINISTRATION certainly made little effort to assist editors. Even after the landings, there was no reliable source in the government serving to counteract the wild rumors being issued in Miami and New York. One editor who had a correct estimate on the size of the landing was talked out of it by a White House assistant who insisted on an inflated figure. The President, reluctant to appear to be interfering with press freedom, rejected suggestions from his associates during the crisis that he talk things over with one or two publishers.

Despite all the floundering, there was general sympathy when Mr. Kennedy later declared in his speech on April 27 to the Publishers' Association: "If the press is waiting for a declaration of war before it imposes the self-discipline of combat conditions, then I can only say that no war ever posed a greater threat to our security." There was an uncomfortable awareness that on this particular New Frontier, as James Reston of the New York *Times* admitted reluctantly, the news is not always fit to print.

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Time Passes on Taiwan

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

TAIPEI

THE MEN who govern Taiwan, or Formosa, in the name of the Republic of China are easy to talk to and fun to argue with. Mostly, they are cultivated and traveled men, not lacking in sophistication. They understand and like Americans, and they are not unaware of the value of a good press in the United States. These are dedicated men, unyielding in their devotion to a single dream—the recovery of the mainland. They are not gentle people, like the Thai; not easygoing like the Filipinos; not able to tack with the wind, like the Japanese. They are hard and inflexible men, playing a desperate game with suave fanaticism. They are all the more ruthless and confident because for more than a decade they have had a massive drawing account in Washington, with almost no questions asked.

Just now the mood in Taipei is somewhat apprehensive—the product of rising dissent at home in Taiwan and declining support abroad, as registered at the United Nations. The Nationalist régime is reacting to these trends in the usual fashion of authoritarian governments. To growing dissent on the island, it replies with police repression. To the sag in support among free-world governments, it responds by a tardy courtship of the new African states—while doing nothing to brighten the free world's image of a "free China" that continues after a dozen years in the custody of a tough, fanatical dictatorship.

NO HONEST APPRAISAL of Chiang Kai-shek's stewardship on Taiwan since 1949 can be a simple one. He and the men around him have done much that is constructive and admirable. But many good things that could have been done were put aside—because they did not serve the overriding goal, the return to the mainland.

Taiwan long has been a singularly productive island, despite the fact that less than a quarter of it is arable. Chiang's men—with $1 billion of U.S. economic aid and the hard work of nine million Taiwanese—have made it feed nearly eleven million people, or about twice the population it fed under the orderly discipline of the Japanese. In a dozen years (with some U.S. prodding, to be sure), the Nationalist régime has carried through a comprehensive land-reform program, until now eighty-five per cent of the farmland is owned by those who till it. Large farms were cut back to what one family could cultivate, and the excess acreage was sold to landless farm workers on a ten-year arrangement that cost them less than the three-eighths of the crop they formerly paid as rent to the landlords. The land reform brought higher production and better care of the land.

Per capita income has not risen correspondingly, however, for population has soared. It is rising now by 3.5 per cent a year, which means that the rice surplus for export is gone, and industrialization remains the only way—if there is one—to maintain or better the living standard. But over the last eight years, per capita income has risen from $78 (U.S.) to $90 and then to $103. It could go to $120 by the end of another four-year plan in 1963, according to German-educated Economics Minister Yang Chi Tseng.

But that would mean very swift industrialization indeed. Unfortunately, the million and a half mainlanders who came to Taiwan in 1949-1950 were bureaucrats and soldiers. The Chinese with capital and commercial ability went to Hong Kong, and have made it a fabulous place of low-cost industrial production. Here on Taiwan, the business mind distrusts the future under military-bureaucratic rule; and there is some flight of capital, offsetting the foreign investment now being courted.

The régime at Taipei can take some pride in its record on education. Reversing Japanese policy, the Nationalists have made higher education available to the Taiwanese, and launched many new universities and colleges. This has helped to reconcile the islanders to the régime. So has the land reform. And so have the generous terms of compensation for landlords whose fields were taken. (Landlords got shares in industrial enterprises and were sullen about it until the shares proved profitable.)

Politically, the story since 1949 is mixed. Again with some U.S. prodding, Chiang's men have permitted free elections at the city, county, and provincial levels. Native Taiwanese

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hold most of the offices, because they are the vast majority. But Taiwan, in the eyes of Nationalist leaders, is still no more than one minor Chinese province. Chiang's government must therefore be a national government. This is a legislature chosen by the whole (mainland) Chinese electorate before the debacle, and it is completely dominated by the Kuomintang. The régime governs by fiat, and when necessary through the Taiwan Garrison Command, an unobtrusive but tough and skillful secret police force. Martial law is always in the background, although as a rule it is invoked only to deal with espionage or dissent. The most treasonable offense of all, however, is to question the concept of a return to the mainland.

'The Dream Would Fade'

Why should there be martial law? Why is there no popular initiative above the provincial level? Why must there be a Taiwan Garrison Command, a Gestapo of sorts? I put these questions to many persons and got many different answers. "We are in a hot war. . . . We have to deal with Communist infiltration and espionage. . . . It would not be constitutional to elect a government of China without the mainland participating. . . ."

The real answer, I am persuaded, is quite simple. Given a democratic system on Taiwan, the Taiwanese would capture it. The government of the Republic of China would cease to be, for the Taiwanese haven't the slightest appetite for a return to the mainland they never lived on anyway. With democracy in lieu of dictatorship, the Nationalist dream would fade quickly, and the million and a half mainlanders here would be unwelcome guests. Also, uncounted thousands of them would be out of their government jobs.

On the military side, the Nationalist achievement is not unimpressive. True, U.S. military aid has totaled $2 billion, and continues at about the same annual rate of $300 million. America's largest Military Assistance Advisory Group (1,800 men) has played a major role by training the Nationalist army in the use and maintenance of American materiel. The refugee force of 1950 with its meager, outmoded equipment has been turned into a modern, disciplined, well-trained, and strongly motivated army of around 450,000 men. Nationalist China's air force, although small (90,000 men), is very good, as its performance in the 1958 crisis testified. The navy is not much (60,000 men), but it doesn't need to be. There is always the Seventh Fleet.

As ALL MILITARY and civilian leaders here know and as most of them will admit, there are two things wrong with the army. It is too big and it is too old. Neither fault is easily remedied, given Chiang's sense of obligation to those who came over with him in 1949-1950. Conscription has remedied to some extent the age problem in the enlisted ranks. About 85,000 young men are called up each year, to serve two years in the army or three in the air force or navy. Taiwanese are called up in approximately proportionate numbers with mainlanders. They make good soldiers, as one general told me, "because the Japanese taught them discipline."

The officer corps is something else. It grows older and older, although there is a flow of young men from the military academies—with only the merest sprinkling of Taiwanese. But the older officers remain. The program to retire and resettle the "ineffectives," as they are called, lags far behind the need. A more sophisticated industrial economy could absorb retired army officers. But their skills, such as they are, go begging here. So the army remains too big and too old. Its support—and that of the other military—is a heavy drain on the island: eighty per cent of the national budget, and fifteen per cent of the gross national product.

The size of the military establishment on Taiwan, of course, is determined by what the Nationalists consider its function. This is partly the reason why the Chinese do not respond more readily to U.S. suggestions of a cutback. If the Chinese Nationalist army's job is to defend this island, it is much too large. If its task is really to recover the mainland, it is much, much too small.

Nevertheless, the United States is not getting a bad deal, in strictly military terms. The last thing it wants is to employ American ground forces in combat in the Far East. For $300 million a year, it is getting on Taiwan a force that in case of need would be available for rather more than the defense of Taiwan. It is also getting bases and other facilities, although it has no operational forces on the island now.

In terms other than military, the United States may not be getting such a good deal. It is deeply committed to Chiang's régime, both in its total cumulative investment and its obligations. The constant phrase on the lips of every American official out here, military or civilian, is, "We're dealing with a sovereign government." Another is, "We only advise and recommend." The truth is that America has given so much aid and made so few conditions that Nationalist China's government, although aware of and disturbed by the threat of isolation, lives and works in a state of political euphoria. Its leaders, as they have told me earnestly, are not too worried when Britain and Canada and Ghana turn their backs on them. To them, a country that can provide $3 billion of military and economic aid in a little more than a decade is obviously a country that can wind the world around its little finger. "If only the United States will stand absolutely solid," a high foreign-office functionary said to me, "we shan't worry too much about the result in the United Nations."

THIS FAITH in the omnipotence of the United States is all the more amazing in that the government of the Republic of China itself does not always respond to American advice. It makes its own policy. With a showdown looming, Taipei conceals its apprehension with defiance. It will defend Quemoy whether the United States goes along or not. It will drop out of the United Nations rather than submit to being downgraded to the status of an independent island.

I have tried out the "two Chinas" idea on a number of officials here in Taipei, at the cabinet and subcabinet levels. They are always polite, and sometimes amused. But behind their good manners there is a fierce, ruthless resolve to win all or lose all.

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New York Tries a New Way To Pay Old College Debts

ROBERT L. SCHIFFER

NEATLY PACKAGED by Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, a new program has passed the New York legislature aimed at easing the financial pressures that beset nearly all forms of higher education in the state. Since the problems of New York's colleges and universities are similar to those of most other states, only bigger, how well Mr. Rockefeller's approach works out—particularly a much-publicized "scholar incentive program" that he evolved—will be watched closely, not only by educators, throughout the country.

In all, the governor signed seven higher educational measures into law on April 13, including one that will provide tuition grants to many of the state's college and university students and thereby indirectly bolster the shaky finances of the institutions they attend. Most of the institutions are privately financed, including those with sectarian affiliation. And although the New York constitution expressly forbids direct or indirect public support, in any degree, to schools that are under denominational control, Mr. Rockefeller appears quite satisfied that the complex formula—from state treasury to student to college bursar—nicely sidesteps the entire issue.

As matters stand now, most of the 170-odd colleges and universities in New York, both public and private, are ill equipped to cope with the infants of the 1940's who are reaching freshman age at the rate of a hundred thousand high-school graduates a year. Every state, of course, is experiencing a parallel increase, but sheer weight of numbers gives it unusual impact in New York, where college and university enrollments now stand well above the four hundred thousand mark. This figure will have doubled by 1970, and by 1985, according to conservative estimates, it will have tripled. Even then the end will not be in sight.

Last November, a special Committee on Higher Education appointed by Governor Rockefeller reported, to no one's great surprise, that a crisis was shaping up. The three men who had compiled the report—Henry T. Heald, president of the Ford Foundation, the committee's chairman; Marion W. Folsom, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare; and John W. Gardner, president of the Carnegie Corporation – recommended that in the long run it would be a matter of good economics for the state to think in terms of allocating $1 billion by 1975 to improve its facilities for public higher education. This was more than three times the amount it had been spending, but the Heald Committee said it was essential if New York wanted its recently contrived state university system to amount to anything.

Set up only in 1948, the state university now has forty-six divisions scattered about New York, including one liberal-arts college (Harpur) at Binghamton, eleven colleges of education, two medical centers, eight professional colleges, and six agricultural and technical institutes, besides eighteen locally sponsored two-year colleges for which it maintains a supervisory responsibility. The instruction provided by the state, therefore, although covering a wide range, is largely limited to the professions; out of a total of seventy-five thousand full- and part-time students, fewer than seventeen hundred are enrolled in four-year liberal-arts and science programs. In short, with the exception of the four municipal colleges of New York City—City College, Hunter, Brooklyn, and Queens—which academically rank among the finest, there is little in the way of public higher education that can be described as adequate for a wealthy state.

This marked imbalance has been recognized by the trustees of the state university, who attribute it to the historical development of higher education in New York. Like most of the Northeast, New York State is a private-college area compared to the Midwest and West, where public higher education flourished in land-grant colleges and universities. A by-product of this regional difference in the emphasis of higher educational systems, according to one theory, is that most legislators in New York are graduates of private institutions and so have little feeling for a public higher-education system. The situation is reversed in the West. In any event, compared to a state like California, in which eighty per cent of the college and university enrollment is in publicly financed institutions, New York has public facilities for only thirty-eight per cent. The majority—sixty-two per cent—attend the state's 128 privately financed institutions, including those with sectarian connections (mainly Catholic), which enroll one-third of the college students in the state.

'The State Has a Duty'

Because of its lack of public higher-education classrooms, New York is known throughout the country as an exporter of students. High-school graduates, unable to pay the high tuition fees at private colleges, try, of course, to gain admission to the state university system (full-time undergraduates pay $325 at Harpur, less than that or nothing at all at other divisions) or to the city colleges of New York, which so far have no fees for full-time undergraduates. But finding these institutions now too overcrowded to admit all of them, a good number of students end by going to colleges they can afford—many of them publicly supported—in other states. Of course, New York has its share of great universities that attract students from all over the country; but even so, the state exports more than it imports. One count, taken two years ago, showed fifty thousand New York students attending colleges outside the state; fewer than thirty-two thousand students from other states were enrolled in New York institutions.

The exodus, and the fact that more and more high-school graduates are making the public institutions their first choice if they can get in, has irked a number of the private colleges and universities in New York. They already know all too

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well what the Heald Report predicted: that if the public institutions receive the proper financing to help them expand, they will wind up with the major share of students.

This movement is already under way, according to the spokesmen from the private colleges, and the resultant loss in revenue from tuition fees hurts at a time when these colleges can least afford it. The essence of their complaint to Governor Rockefeller at the time he was drawing up his program was that they could not compete with the public institutions on the matter of fees. Therefore, they said, they are finding themselves with freshmen and sophomore classes below full strength at a time when the number of those who want to go to college is at an all-time high.

The most forceful voice speaking for the private institutions was that of Dr. Carroll V. Newsom, president of New York University and head of the Association of Colleges and Universities of the State of New York. He bluntly informed the governor that under the circumstances, the state must help the private colleges or they would not survive. "Private institutions," he maintained, "are the backbone of higher education in New York. The state has a duty to them. In its own self-interest, it just can't afford to let them slip." And he urged, "Let us charge what we must charge and let the students pay the fee with state aid. Unless, of course, the public would prefer having us become public institutions. The decision must be made."

The trustees of the state university also had their say; they submitted a master plan for expansion that would enable them to take care of 145,000 students by enlarging present campuses and building new ones. This plan would add $232 million in construction expenses to the $353 million the state university had already charted for the decade ahead. And in a move away from free higher education, the state university asked for permission to charge nominal fees in all divisions, an innovation that had been recommended by the Heald Commission both for the state university and the New York City colleges, where it would end more than a century of free tuition.

The city colleges, however, told the governor they wanted no part of fees, although they did want to be graduated into a University of the City of New York. Already they had a combined enrollment that exceeded ninety thousand, and they expected to be pushing a hundred thousand soon. Their wants were surprisingly modest; in order to institute doctoral programs, they asked for less than $3 million.

Decisions and Revisions

Out of this welter of information and demands, the governor pieced together a special message to the New York State legislature that pleased the private institutions more than the public institutions. He took great pains to argue that there were "vacancies in the state's great [private] universities attributed to rising costs with resulting higher charges to the students, placing study in these

universities beyond the reach of qualified and worthy young people. As the spread widens between the cost to a student of public higher education and private higher education, prospective students are increasingly obliged to turn, without the opportunity for exercising any choice between public and private institutions, to the crowded facilities of public higher education."

Mr. Rockefeller's observation drew this retort from a spokesman for the city colleges: "Why doesn't the governor make the point, too, that many students who can ill afford it are forced to go to private colleges simply because we're so overcrowded?"

It was to cope with the situation he described that the governor offered his "scholar incentive program." In part, he based it on a suggestion by the Heald Committee, which had tried to meet the problem of how the state could expand its public higher education system without harm to the private. The Heald group had put forward the novel idea that per capita grants be given to each institution on a contract basis for each student graduated with a degree approved by the Board of Regents (the body that co-ordinates all educational matters in New York), with the exception of divinity and honorary degrees. But the Heald Committee was also quite explicit in questioning whether such a plan would not violate the state constitution insofar as sectarian institutions were concerned. It intimated that it would like to see the idea tested in the courts.

Mr. Rockefeller, however, decided not to seek such a court test. His "scholar incentive program" called for grants to students rather than to colleges, and its first form mentioned grants ranging from $200 for undergraduates to $800 for graduate students doing work above a master's degree. No test of either scholarship or need was involved. The only qualifications for obtaining a grant were that a student pay an annual tuition fee of a minimum of $500 and be enrolled full time. Students in sectarian institutions were included; but quite pointedly eliminated were all the students at the New York City colleges and the great bulk of the students enrolled at the state university. It was clearly a measure to provide indirect financing for the private institutions, an objective Mr. Rockefeller indicated by his remark that the grants would encourage "students to pursue their education in colleges and universities with rising levels of tuition."

Even the Republican New York *Herald Tribune,* an ardent Rockefeller booster from away back, found the whole proposal questionable. The New York *Times* called it "shocking" and an attempt to "evade the constitutional [New York] bar by aiding denominational colleges with public funds."

Cardinal Spellman praised the governor for his stand; Protestant and Jewish groups warned that they

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would take it into court if the proposal became law. The Democrats did several flip-flops, at first saying informally that they would support the governor and then saying formally that they would not. The Republican legislative leaders, who had assured the governor that he would encounter no difficulties, advised him to make some revisions.

The plan went back to the legislature after Mr. Rockefeller had conferred with those opposing it, including groups such as the Protestant Council of the City of New York and the New York Board of Rabbis. As a result, most objections were withdrawn when he finally announced a revised plan.

Governor Rockefeller's revised plan as passed by the state legislature with only token opposition—more Republicans (fourteen) voted against it in the state senate than did Democrats (twelve)—provides what it calls New York scholarships to students in both public and private colleges in which the tuition is at least $200 a year. The range of the grants is to be $100 to $300 for undergraduates and $200 to $800 for graduate students, depending upon need. Furthermore, all awards are now dependent upon standards that are still to be set by the Regents.

Who Will Be Helped?

When it becomes operative next year, the program will entail an initial outlay of $6.6 million, and eventually it will work its way up to $26 million. About 101,000 undergraduates and twenty thousand graduate students will benefit; all of them—with the exception of fourteen thousand undergraduates at the state university, plus a handful of medical students also at the state university—will be enrolled in private colleges and universities. The token inclusion of undergraduates at the state university—made possible by lowering the minimum tuition requirement from $500 to $200—met a major objection to the original plan. It did not, however, basically alter the charge that the "scholar incentive program" was less for students than for private colleges.

Students at the New York City colleges, since the legislature did not insist upon their paying tuition at this time, are still on the outside

looking in. But perhaps not for long. The legislature, recognizing a hot political potato when it saw one, dumped the matter of fees in the lap of the New York City Board of Higher Education, giving it a right it specifically said it did not want. This action has been interpreted by some as an expedient way of telling the city colleges that if they want their students to share in the "incentive" benefits, all they need do is institute fees. The legislature also empowered the city colleges to proceed with the organization of the University of the City of New York, but it kept quiet on the matter of the $3 million that had been requested to implement the move. So in the long run, undergraduates at the new city university—which nonetheless is now operational—may some day find themselves unwilling beneficiaries of the governor's "scholar incentive program."

It should be pointed out that the governor did see to it that the state university was freed from former rigid control to determine its own policies, a matter of educational importance, and that he set into motion an immediate expansion and building program. He also approved its master plan, although not spelling out its financing, and his overall program gives the new city university and the state university operating budgets (totaling $88 million) that are higher than last year's. In addition, it calls for a dramatic increase in the number of state scholarships that New York provides for its top high-school graduates. But civic groups such as the Public Education Association take the stand that even more could have been done if the public's tax money had been used primarily for the public's institutions. According to Dr. Frederick C. McLaughlin, director of the association, "The $6 million that will be used to start the futile 'scholar incentive program,' if divided between the city and state universities, would have advanced the development of graduate training by one full year. It would have been small enough, but even so, it would have demonstrated the governor's faith in public higher education and would have been a start toward redressing the imbalance long existing in the state in favor of the private institutions of higher learning."

DESPITE all the good intentions set forth in Governor Rockefeller's new "scholar incentive program," it seems clear that it will not do much to alter New York's reputation in some circles as an educational "backward area" that is extremely slow and reluctant, in comparison with other states, to spend tax money on its public institutions of higher education.

Moreover, there seems to be some doubt about how much, in the final analysis, the new law will really help students in private institutions. The New York *Times* notes: "Most of the private colleges that have not already done so will presumably raise their tuitions to a degree commensurate with the scholarship-grant, thus in effect taking from the student himself all the monetary benefit that the grant itself would bring. Furthermore, the parochial nature of the plan is emphasized by its restriction to students attending colleges and universities in this state only—thus depriving a New York student of all scholarship aid if he chooses to go to Notre Dame instead of to Cornell. What could more clearly point up the fact that this is an effort to aid the New York college, including church-connected ones, rather than the New York student?"

On the former point, when the governor was asked if he had had any assurances that the private colleges and universities would not increase their tuition for a year or two, his answer was a terse "No."

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A Visit to Tallinn

MADELEINE AND MARVIN KALB

THE MAP shows Estonia in the northwest corner of the Soviet Union as merely another of the Soviet Republics. But to the stranger this is another land, with a mood so different from that of Moscow that it justifies the old Russian name for the Baltic area: *zarubezhnaya Rossiya*—foreign Russia.

We approached Estonia by train from Leningrad; the direct Moscow-Tallinn line is forbidden to foreign journalists. As the train pulled into Narva, which was the border station between Estonia and the Soviet Union until June, 1940, the scenery changes abruptly. Although the terrain is very much like that of Leningrad—low, marshy land, broad expanses of fields, white birches massed against the deep background of evergreens—the farmhouses gradually change from wood to stone; the ragged lines of field and cottage are evened out; the entire landscape becomes neater. The brightly colored onion-domed churches still appear, but less frequently; gradually they are replaced by severe, tall-spired, white frame Protestant churches more reminiscent of northern Europe than of Russia.

Narva itself, with the ruins of its old fortress, brings to mind the changing history of the area. It was here in 1701 that Peter the Great suffered his first major defeat at the hands of Charles XII of Sweden. But eight years later Peter defeated Charles at Poltava, deep in the Ukraine, and the Baltic coast came under Russian control that lasted until 1917, when Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania became independent republics.

The tides of the Second World War swept Estonia from Soviet to German and back again to Soviet control, and since then it has been one of the fifteen "republics" of the Soviet Union.

WE CAUGHT our first glimpse of the Estonian capital from the railroad station, on low ground, near the sea. Tallinn began as the stone-walled medieval fortress of Toompea, set high on a hill overlooking a magnificent natural harbor. A thousand years ago, when Moscow, if it existed at all, was a village of mud and wooden huts, the little Estonian settlement at Tallinn had begun to develop into a prosperous trading town. Its harbor and strategic location astride the trade route from Scandinavia to Byzantium were its great advantages. They proved to be its great disadvantages too, for they made Tallinn an attractive prize for a series of invaders: first the Danes, then the Livonian knights, then the expanding Swedes, finally waves of Russians and Germans.

Tallinnites, for the most part, have an acute sense of history; as in many European towns, the past is very much a part of their present reality. "We had the Swedes, the Russians, the Germans twice—oh, yes, we've lived through them all."

Against this turbulent background, Tallinn developed. Under its German name of Reval, it prospered as a member of the Hanseatic League, declined when new sea routes to the New World disrupted old trading patterns, and then flourished again. One foreign influence succeeded another, each leaving its imprint, so that the city today reminds one here of Salzburg, there of old Geneva, here of Helsinki, there of St. Petersburg.

In the old days, the Baltic German barons lived high up in Toompea, or Vishgorod (Russian for "higher city"). Here the cobble-stoned streets are narrowest, and the view of the city and the sea is best. Fourteenth- and fifteenth-century walls and towers and the great Gothic Domskaya Cathedral blend harmoniously with the low, broad yellow Russian neoclassical buildings of Catherine the Great's time. These are now government buildings, the most important housing the Council of Ministers.

In contrast to the medieval stillness of Vishgorod is the bustle of Nizhgorod, or the lower city. Above lived the barons, the German nobility; below, in their sturdy stone houses with the peaked Gothic roofs, slits of windows, and capriciously placed stone and wood carvings of saints, crucifixes, dragons, and heraldic shields, lived the merchants and craftsmen. Their town was almost autonomous, with its own laws and government, and was generally at odds with its aristocratic neighbor up the hill.

Some Churches Are Open

Medieval Nizhgorod is beautifully preserved, yet many Soviet touches intrude. For example, in the main square stands the fourteenth-century town hall, with two carved dragons high up on its solid stone wall, topped by a tall tower. The *Rathaus* was built when Tallinn joined the

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Hanseatic League. Inside, in the lofty Gothic council room furnished in oak and dark blue, where the burghers used to convene and decide the town's business, the Tallinn city soviet sits, flanked by larger-than-life portraits of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin.

Just across the square is a modest pharmacy dating back to 1422. This makes it the oldest *apteka* in the Soviet Union, and probably one of the oldest in all of Europe. Now it is "Apteka No. 4," anonymous as any other *apteka* in the Soviet Union.

Quickly moving crowds of Tallinners bustle through the archway of the pharmacy building into a typically narrow street that leads to the old Guild House. Near this fifteenth-century building is another old shop, with the date 1656 carved in the stone wall above it. This one is labeled "Tabak" and also has a number. It displays the same cigarettes arranged in the same way as in the tobacco kiosks of Moscow.

ONE imposing Gothic church after another dominates the streets of Nizhgorod. They are open for worship at specific times—a Protestant church at ten and five o'clock on Sunday, with vespers at five o'clock Monday and Friday, an Orthodox church every morning until noon. But the rest of the time they are firmly shut, although the city authorities are proud of them as architecture. (In Moscow, the vast majority of churches have been converted into offices or warehouses, the most outstanding ones into museums.) As one old man put it, "It's better than it was a few years ago. 'They,'" pointing to a government building, "don't like us to go to church. You know, their propaganda. Atheism." He shrugged. "But some churches are open. Of course, if you're a teacher, or work for them, it's difficult. There's pressure. My nephew—he's a teacher—wanted to see his daughter married in church, but he was afraid to. And they try to get to the little ones—you know, the Pioneers."

Where a visitor in any other part of Europe might expect to find antique shops, musty bookstores, art galleries, *boutiques,* coffeehouses, fragrant bakeries, and fresh-fruit and vegetable stands presided over by proud proprietors, in Tallinn's Nizhgorod he finds the commission shop—Moscow's version of the pawnshop—selling a few sentimental nineteenth-century paintings, a few porcelain cups and saucers, a pair of gilt candelabra, and drab second-hand clothing.

The "antiquarian bookshop" had no old prints of Tallinn, no old books about Estonia. The titles looked remarkably like those of the "antiquarian bookshops" of Moscow. There was one difference: buyers were allowed to browse through the books themselves. In Moscow all such books are kept under glass or behind the counter, where only the saleswomen can reach them (and there are never enough saleswomen). The other bookstores are exactly like the ones in Moscow: the collected works of Lenin, one of Khrushchev's trips abroad; and for foreign literature, Mark Twain or Dickens.

The newspaper kiosks show more than anything else the tight control of the centralized Communist Party of the Soviet Union. *Sovetskaya Estonia* has exactly the some format and type styles as *Sovetskaya Rossiya,* which appears in Moscow every morning; and as for content, both Russian and Estonian papers and magazines print the same stories,

word for word, whether it is about colonialism, the United Nations, or the new Soviet man.

The rest of the stores announce themselves dully, monotonously, as "Bread," "Meat," "Shoes," etc., all with their numbers.

In some limited areas, there was still the feel of old Tallinn. An exception to the usual pattern of consumer-goods distribution, for example, was a display and sale of women's costume jewelry and perfume, well advertised by posters around town. The sale was in a large second-story room with an old-fashioned eight-foot-tall green tile Dutch stove in the corner. As buyers crowded around the cases displaying beads, bangles, pins, and rings ranging in price from fifty kopecks to five rubles (one ruble equals $1.11), they were entertained by music from a tape recorder: "On Top of Old Smoky," "Good-night, Irene," and "Home on the Range."

Another surprise was the *kohvik* (coffeehouse, in Estonian), unheard of in Moscow, rare in Leningrad. Here, without pushing or waiting in line, friends can stop in, sit at a small table, and sip coffee or tea or brandy with a pastry or sandwiches or a hot meal. This European touch is probably a survival of prewar days, but one *kohvik* we visited, tucked away in a basement near the town hall, was built in 1959.

Perhaps the most attractive—and encouraging—surprise we found in Nizhgorod was a local handicrafts industry that produced things for sale: ceramics, hand-tooled leather articles, rough hand-woven fabrics, hand-knit woolen sweaters, metal jewelry, Finnish-style. The prices were high—fifty-eight rubles for a ski sweater, 1.25 for a leather bookmark, 22 for a medium-sized handbag, up to forty-four and fifty-two rubles for large leather albums, 4.20 for a pair of children's woolen gloves. They were approximately three to four times the price of similar items in Helsinki or Copenhagen. But the price was not the important thing: the fact was that high-quality products were made for sale, not just to look at in a museum or exhibition, as in Moscow. These handicraft products were sold principally by two attractive shops, though a few found their way to other stores as well.

The handicrafts industry was obviously an old institution, but now it existed in a new form, a government-owned co-operative. We thought that the existence of the craftwork might be officially frowned upon as a "bourgeois survival," but we learned later that the government apparently encouraged the industry, probably for purposes of

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morale and income. *The Beauty Around Us,* one of four propaganda films shown to us by the fledgling Estonian Film Studio, dealt with the wonder of textiles, dishes, furniture, and other objects made in accordance with old traditions for the individual homes of today.

A Dash of Daring

Beyond the walls that surround Nizhgorod one finds the contemporary world again: the two- and three-story Russian-style wooden houses of the nineteenth century; the Estonian State Theatre, completed in 1913, destroyed in 1917, and rebuilt after the First World War; the functional hotel of the 1920's; the Soviet apartment buildings and *univermag* (state department store).

The *univermag* looked straight and simple on the outside, but inside the inconvenient arrangement of articles for sale and the crowds of people trying to buy mediocre products at high prices recalled GUM, the parent store in Moscow. Squeezing out through the only two doors that were open of six available doors (another Moscow trick), we turned to the Kevat Restaurant, the newest in Tallinn. The idea of putting a fashionable restaurant on the fourth floor of a department store came from Scandinavia, and so did the décor.

At the Estonian State Theatre we saw a contemporary Estonian ballet, "Rigonda," which turned out to be an interesting lesson in local propaganda. It was completely orthodox in its anti-colonialist theme, but somewhat daring in its treatment of that theme. The choreography was far from daring; it was that awkward combination of classical ballet forms and muscle-brandishing pantomime which often characterizes contemporary Soviet ballet. The music was undistinguished, as was most of the dancing. But the idea of sexy island dances by the sarong-clad and still unoppressed natives of Rigonda in the first act, rumba steps in a South American port night club in the second act, and playful strutting by girls in tight-fitting bathing suits aboard a millionaire's yacht in the third act took some of the steam out of the class-conscious purity of the story and were novel in a land where contemporary ballet generally means coal mines or kolkhozes, pigtails and overalls.

One day we drove to the Central Collective Farm Market, the largest open-air market in Tallinn and about ten minutes from the heart of town. It was better stocked than the corresponding Moscow market. Vegetables, meat, eggs, and poultry were clean and neatly displayed by the middle-aged and elderly peasants who had brought them to market. Their proprietary air might

have been due to the fact that the market was "collective farm" in name only. We were told that most of the produce came from the sellers' own land.

Beyond, along the sea, is the spacious and strikingly natural Kadriorg Park. It is completely unlike Moscow parks, with their "rest and culture" in the form of gigantic flower beds in patriotic patterns, and loudspeakers blaring Moscow Radio's brand of popular music. Kadriorg Park is much the way Peter the Great left it: lawns, trees, and the charming Dutch-style house in which he used to stay when he came to Tallinn. This is now a museum, preserving Peter's own strong oak furniture, portraits, and ship models he built himself.

A few steps away is the dignified baroque palace he built for his wife, Catherine—now the Tallinn State Art Museum. On the walls of the spacious, light rooms hang turn-of-the-century works of Estonian artists who must have spent some time in Paris; one painting is reminiscent of Cézanne, another of Monet, another of Pissarro. Some, of the Estonian countryside, have a more original look. Works of the "bourgeois" period of independent Estonia are shown; there is nothing very abstract, but these prewar works seem very daring compared to the paintings and sculpture of the Soviet period, in the style of socialist realism, which specializes in happy peasants and valiant contruction workers, and can make even a still life of fruit or flowers look stiff and ideological. The best works were dated before 1940.

Beyond Kadriorg is Piritta, a suburb of Tallinn, the beach-and-dacha summer holiday area, complete with a yacht club and private homes. In the socialist Soviet Union, the latter are an extraordinary phenomenon. The houses are small and neat, made of wood or stone, privately owned, and one family lives in each house. Some residents drive to work in town, some twenty minutes away, in their own cars.

A great deal has apparently changed in Tallinn since the war. There used to be one official language and two political parties. Now it is just the other way around. Russian has been added to Estonian as an official language, and the Communist Party rules alone. Town officials say twenty per cent of the population of Tallinn is Russian, but the local population seems to feel it is higher. One Russian estimated it at fifty per cent, others a bit lower. Some Russians were brought in by the government; others were like the newspaper vendor who explained, "I came here with the Red Army, and at the end of the war I met a local girl—very pretty. We married and we decided to stay."

Just after the war, people from Leningrad or Moscow used to go to the Baltic republics instead of to Europe. The art, the music, the shops, the culture were "western." After fifteen years, a great deal of difference can still be seen between Moscow and Tallinn, whose mood is distinctly European. Compared to Moscow, it is stylish. Its people are courteous. It guards its history and seems to be constructing its present with a minimum of bombast. In short, Estonia has managed in some way to remain "foreign Russia."

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The Not-Buying Power Of Philadelphia's Negroes

HANNAH LEES

PHILADELPHIA

WHEN FOUR HUNDRED ministers in one city advise their congregations not to buy something, a lot of whatever that something may be goes unbought and the company that makes it is quickly aware of the fact. For a month and a half, starting March 19, the congregations of four hundred Negro churches in Philadelphia have not bought Sunoco gas or oil for their cars and trucks or Sun fuel oil to heat their homes. Last January for exactly one week they were not buying Gulf gas or oil. Last October for two weeks they were not drinking Pepsi-Cola. And last summer for two months they were not eating any cakes or pies made by the Tasty Baking Company.

These periods of mass inaction have been the result of a joint decision reached last May by the pastors of those four hundred churches. They call it their Selective Patronage Program and their purpose is simple and forthright: to persuade—they reject words like "force" or "demand"—one company after another in Philadelphia to employ more Negroes in prestige jobs.

Their method is equally simple and forthright. A delegation of ministers, sometimes five, usually four, calls on whatever company the group has decided to investigate and politely inquires how many Negroes it employs and in what jobs. The companies have given this information willingly so far, and they might as well; the ministers usually already know, unofficially. The first meeting is always exploratory, but a second meeting is then requested a week or two later. At this meeting the ministers, though still quiet, still polite, are specific about what they want. At first it wasn't very much. Lately, as with the present Sun boycott, it has become a good deal. Whether they are now asking too much only time will tell.

With the Tasty Baking Company, the second firm they visited and the first one where they encountered opposition, the ministers asked the company to hire two Negro driver-salesmen, two Negro clerical workers, and three or four Negro girls in the icing department, where the workers had traditionally been all-white. They were not interested in the fact that the Tasty Baking Company already had hundreds of Negro employees. What they are interested in is placing Negro workers in positions of dignity and responsibility. Their aim is to change the public image of Negro workers. The Tasty Baking Company did not have any Negroes driving trucks or working in its office.

'Until Further Notice'

When Mr. Pass, the personnel manager of the company, and Mr. Kaiser, the president, pointed out that they had no need, just then, for more driver-salesmen or clerical workers, the ministers said politely but firmly that they still hoped these people could be hired within two weeks. If not, the four hundred ministers they represented would have to advise their congregations on the Sunday following not to buy any Tasty cakes or pies until they were hired.

Mr. Kaiser understandably felt pushed and resistant. The Negro driver-salesmen and clerks and icers were not hired within the two weeks, and the ministers did tell their congregations not to buy any Tasty cakes or pies until further notice. Printed advertisements to this effect mysteriously appeared in bars, beauty parlors, and barbershops. Nobody knows how many thousand dollars' worth of sales the Tasty Baking Company lost during those summer months, but there are 700,000 Negroes in Philadelphia and a large proportion have some connection with those four hundred churches. When the boycott was officially called off two months later from four hundred pulpits, the Tasty Baking Company had in its employ two Negro driver-salesmen, two Negro clerical workers, and some half-dozen Negro icers.

The Pepsi-Cola Company, which was called on last September, was also resistant to the ministers' requests. On October 2, a boycott was called from four hundred pulpits. Two days later the spokesman of the delegation received a telegram saying that Pepsi-Cola had hired the requested personnel. But the boycott lasted two weeks, because it is a policy of the ministers not to call a boycott off until the new employees are actually at work.

Gulf Oil, which was approached last winter at the height of the heating season, showed no interest in meeting with the ministers. When three weeks had gone by without an appointment being arranged, a boycott of Gulf products was called the next Sunday. The day after that the switchboards at Gulf were jammed with calls canceling oil contracts. Gulf then moved so quickly to meet the ministers' demands that the boycott lasted only a week. But here a new factor entered: the union. One of the ministers' stipulations, that the new Negro employees must not be the first to be laid off, conflicts with seniority provisions in Gulf's union contract. Union officials met with the ministers and explained that they were sympathetic with their

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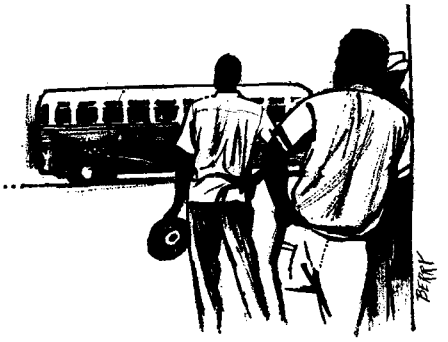
aims, but not when they collided with union bargaining. Three Negro truck drivers had been hired and after thirty days joined the union. All has been serene, but seasonal layoffs have begun by now. If drivers with seniority are laid off first, the union is not likely to take it lying down. The ministers may decide to finesse that one.

Bond Bread, Freihofer Bread, Coca-Cola, and Seven-Up all seem to have found the ministers' requests reasonable when they were called on. So, apparently, have Esso, Cities Service, Atlantic, and Mobil. None of these companies has had to cope with a boycott. Atlantic, which already had some Negroes in clerical and executive jobs before the ministers came to call, says it now has twenty-five Negroes in white-collar jobs, including a chemist, a psychologist, and a former football hero in sales promotion. They say that they are well pleased with the quality of work these employees do and with the general office morale. The ministers mention Atlantic frequently as an example of how smoothly their project goes when everyone co-operates.

THE ORIGIN and operation of the Selective Patronage Program are somewhat shrouded in mystery. It acknowledges no leaders, and no one will say who called the first meeting. "Some of us just got together," they say, "and decided we could not in good moral conscience remain silent while our congregations patronized companies that were discriminating against Negroes." The names of the ministers who have called on the various companies are on public record, but there is a different delegation for each company and a different spokesman. The Reverend Alfred G. Dunston, pastor of the Wesley A.M.E. Zion Church, has been the spokesman with Sun Oil. The Reverend Leon Sullivan of the Zion Baptist Church was the spokesman with the Tasty Baking Company. The Reverend Joshua E. Licorish, of Zion Methodist Church, was the spokesman with Gulf and with the union.

The Philadelphia Commission on Human Relations, which investigated the Tasty boycott at the request of the Chamber of Commerce—and found no illegal discrimination but no evidence of positive integration either—mentions Dr. Noah Moore, a bishop in the Methodist Church, the Reverend Lorenzo Shepard, pastor



of the Mount Olivet Baptist Tabernacle, and the Reverend Leon Sullivan as prominent in the campaign. But no one will say who makes up the priority committee, which meets —always at a different place—to decide on the next target and what they will ask for. They have, they say, no officers, no by-laws, no minutes, no dues, and no treasury.

"But it is the best-organized unorganized program you ever saw in action," one of them said to me. "We can call a boycott of a quarter of a million people within twenty-four hours and call it off within twenty-four hours." A quarter of a million is probably not too high. Lined up solidly behind the ministers are fraternal organizations, social clubs, insurance agents, bartenders, beauticians, the N.A.A.C.P., and the Negro newspapers. Even local dealers whose sales have been hurt by the various boycotts seem to go along with the program.

Unorganized 'Advice'

Highhanded and arbitrary as the Selective Patronage Program may seem, it is hard to find anything illegal or even really unethical in it. The ministers are simply exercising their democratic right to "advise" their friends what to buy and what not to buy. They are, of course, using their buying power to pressure these companies to hire employees they may not need at the moment, but their position is that if they waited for any of these companies to *need* that many Negro employees they would wait a long time. "We have waited too long already," one of them said.

A consistent complaint of both liberals and conservatives has been that Negroes did not do enough for themselves, did not exercise enough leadership in solving their own problems. These Negro ministers are exercising leadership and, so far, with impunity. The Tasty Baking Company consulted both the Chamber of Commerce and their own lawyers to see if any counteraction were possible. The conclusion seemed to be that it would be pretty hard to take a group of unorganized ministers to court, and even if they could it would not help Tasty's position much.

The ministers point out that some three thousand Negro boys and girls graduate from Philadelphia high schools every year and usually end by taking the jobs that nobody else wants because they are the last to be chosen. Many of them, the ministers admit, are not as highly qualified as they should be, but even the qualified ones have to fight the preconceived idea that they are not qualified. This, essentially, is the battle the ministers are trying to fight for them.

There are some new elements to the Sun Oil boycott now in progress. The ministers are feeling their strength and pushing harder than ever before. They may be pushing too hard, but perhaps they have to, to find out how far and how fast they can move. They phoned Sun at the end of January and requested a meeting. Sun arranged a meeting for February 3 in a very relaxed mood. A year ago Sun had asked the Reverend Leon Sullivan and Dr. Jerome Holland, president of Hampton Institute, to advise it in setting up a program of increased Negro employment in white-collar jobs. At that time it had hired two Negro clerks. It had records of hundreds of Negro employees at its Marcus Hook refinery, some in responsible supervisory jobs. It had just decided to include three Negro colleges in its yearly talent search. Sun felt it was in the clear.

The ministers didn't agree. They weren't interested in the number of Negroes working in the refinery. Negroes had always held jobs like that. "You hired two Negro clerks a year ago, but none since," they said. "Two in an office force of fifteen

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hundred isn't much, is it? And you have no Negroes driving trucks. And even though you plan to include Negroes in your talent search, you haven't actually hired any."

Sun said business had fallen off. They had had to move more slowly than they planned, but were now going ahead as fast as they could.

At the second meeting, two weeks later, the ministers quietly dropped what must have seemed to Sun a bombshell. They wanted Sun to hire twenty-four Negro employees: nineteen additional office workers, three permanent truck drivers, and a motor-products salesman. When? *Within the next month.*

Sun said that wasn't possible, not within a month. There would not be anywhere near nineteen new job openings in the office in that time. And how could it hire three new truck drivers when they were just about to lay off thirty-five as the heating season ended?

IT MAY BE a coincidence that what the ministers have asked for at Sun is just about equivalent to the number of white-collar Negroes now employed by Atlantic. Philadelphia is the home office of both Sun and Atlantic. Each of them has about fifteen hundred people working in its home office. The ministers say that twenty-five Negroes in an office force of that size is not much to ask; that they can be found and will have to be if Sun wants any Negro customers around Philadelphia. The Urban League could supply them, say the ministers; they themselves could supply them if asked.

Sun has not, so far, asked the ministers to recruit for them, but it has been in touch with the Urban League. By March 16, the last meeting before the boycott deadline of Sunday, March 19, Sun had interviewed nineteen Negro applicants for clerical work, and had hired one of them. The others, they said, did not have the necessary qualifications. Sun had also hired one Negro salesman and upgraded one man from mechanic to truck driver. The ministers had accepted Sun's stand that it could not take on new truck drivers while about to lay off old ones and said they would settle for upgrading to truck driver three of their men who were already employed by Sun.

The boycott was called on March 19 and is still in progress. As of late April, Sun had hired about half the workers requested by the ministers. There were seven more Negro girls in the home office, there were two Negro salesmen, and three drivers had been upgraded from work in the garage and the refinery. Sun says that from now on it will hire people as needed, interviewing both white and Negro applicants without discrimination. When asked about the loss in business, spokesmen for the firm shrug and say it is hard to estimate. They seem unruffled and without resentment, but say flatly that they cannot do more. And there is no reason why they should if they can get along without Negro customers. The ministers estimate, however, that Sun is losing some $7,000 a week. And the number of Negro customers Sun may have to get along without seems to be increasing.

Those four hundred unorganized ministers now plan to spread their boycott progressively, first across the state and then, they say, across the country if necessary. On Sunday, April 9, they began the first part of what they call the second phase of their program. All the Negro Masonic lodges across the state announced a boycott of Sun products. Their members number 25,000 and they claim to be able to

influence several times that many. Perhaps they can. If Sun has still not hired the requested twenty-four Negro workers in another couple of weeks, the ministers say the boycott will spread to all the churches across Pennsylvania, and after that to all the men's and women's clubs. And after that they will go beyond Pennsylvania.

Wouldn't it have been more logical, I asked, to start with all the churches in Pennsylvania?

"A boycott of the Masons is easier to control," I was told, "and easier to call off in a hurry if Sun fills its quota. We could easily call on a boycott of all the churches, but it might take a while to call it off. We don't want to hurt Sun. We aren't mad at anybody. We just want to see our boys and girls in decent jobs."

Danger Ahead

Do the ministers have this much power? They probably don't know themselves yet. They must feel there is a certain poetic justice in big business feeling pushed by its traditionally most subservient employees. They may feel there is a special poetic justice that Sun Oil, owned by the Pews who for years controlled the Negro vote in Philadelphia by dropping money where it would do the most good, should now be having to negotiate with the new Negroes. But this proposed state-wide and possibly nation-wide boycott which originated with four hundred unorganized ministers is loaded with dangerous possibilities. George Schermer, executive director of the Philadelphia Commission on Human Relations, has been glad to see these Negro ministers exercising leadership. As long as they can function in this amorphous state, he is all for them, he says, but if they can make good on this spreading boycott, it may be hard not to develop an overt organization with leaders and factions and ultimate corruption. At the very least, any real organization could sooner or later run into some sort of conspiracy suit. These are the dangers ahead of the crusading ministers.

"Power corrupts, you know the old saying," I reminded one of the ministers. "Aren't you afraid that all this mushrooming power may land you in trouble?" He smiled gently. "No, honey," he said, "because we haven't any heroes to feed on that power, we haven't any leaders or bosses. And we aren't going to have any. As long as we can make out without them, we'll do fine." As long as they can, he is probably right.

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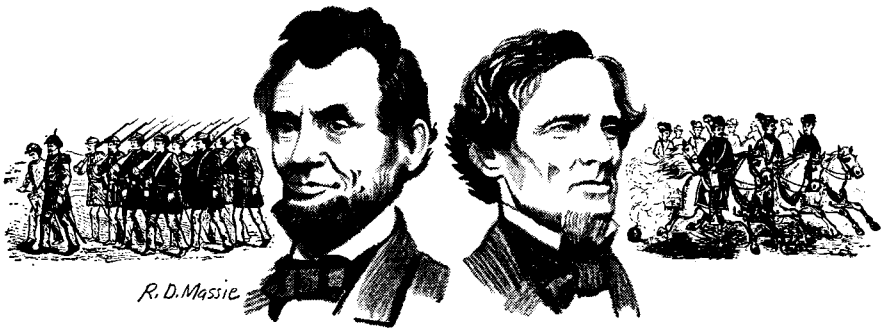

And the War Came

ALFRED KAZIN

THIS YEAR we begin to play Civil War. On February 12, in Montgomery, Alabama, the bells "opened a week of pageantry commemorating the beginning of the Confederate nation and the Civil War that followed." In the State House of Representatives Chamber, where the Confederate convention met, legislators re-enacted the secession debates that took Alabama out of the Union. "To make the celebration as realistic as possible," it was announced that "men would walk the streets wearing Confederate beards, top hats, and string ties. Their womenfolk have forsaken formfitting dresses for the ankle-length hoop skirts of Civil War days." In Atlanta *Gone With the Wind* has been "screened again to kick off Georgia's centennial observation of the War Between the States."

A more somber note was struck in Charleston, South Carolina, where it was firmly announced that a Negro member of the New Jersey Civil War Centennial Commission, which had planned to attend the ceremonies marking the firing on Fort Sumter, would not be allowed to stay at the hotel with other members of her state group. Major General Ulysses S. Grant III, chairman of the National Centennial Commission, seemed puzzled by the disturbance over one Negro lady. When Allan Nevins, in his official capacity as adviser to the national commission, also protested, the general said to a reporter, "Who's Allan Nevins?"

In Virginia, opening *his* state's commemoration of the great event, Governor J. Lindsay Almond, Jr., drew a parallel between the present conflict over what he called states' rights and the "unhappy difficulties" of the nation on the eve of the Civil War. He lamented, "It has unfortunately been the course of our history that men have raised false issues which could influence the minds and stir the emotions instead of exercising constructive leadership in the effort to mold common opinion in support of that which is best for the nation and the world." And in a special series of articles called "The Needless War" for the New York *Herald Tribune*, Bruce Catton (the last survivor on either side) pointed out that the war need not have happened at all, and would not have happened if responsible leaders North and South had been less emotional. By 1861, says Mr. Catton, it could be seen "that the very cause of the dispute was itself dying and would, if men approached it reasonably, presently reduce itself to manageable size . . . The American Civil War . . . settled nothing that reasonable men of good will could not have settled if they had been willing to make the effort."

But the war did take place. As Lincoln said in his second inaugural, looking back to that anxious day in 1861 when, taking the oath for the first time, he had pleaded with the South to stave off the war: "All dreaded it, all sought to avert it. . . . Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish, and the war came." The war came, and to read about it now—in the superb history of *The Ordeal of the Union* by Nevins, in the chronicles of the anti-slavery movement, in the great debates in Congress, in the novels and poems of the time, in the memoirs of Grant, in the wartime diaries of Whitman, in the letters and articles of foreign observers on the battlefields, in the inflamed and exacerbated writings of abolitionists, slaveowners, ex-slaves, politicians, soldiers—is to realize at once the frigid emptiness of all this current play acting, with its characteristic suggestion that the war would have been averted if only people had been sensible.

The inescapable fact is that if you look at the passionate writing that helped to bring the war about, that in turn came out of the war, and that among Southerners, at least, has never ceased to come out of the war, you can see why even the endless debates between American historians as to the causes of the war seem dry and inconclusive by contrast with the torment of principle, the convulsion of experience.

A CIVIL WAR is terrible—so terrible that perhaps only an irrepressible conflict of interests and principles can explain it. It is as terrible as the murder of brother by brother described in the Old Testament, of mother by son in Greek tragedy. The very foundations of the human family are ripped asunder, and that is why such wars are never forgotten and perhaps never quite end. They show us a side of human nature that we can never forgive. When you read in *The Personal Memoirs of General Ulysses S. Grant* of Confederate raiders killing stragglers and then of being caught and lined up in the town square to be shot, the fact that

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these men all spoke the same language, were usually of the same stock, may even have come from the same towns in Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri, gives these scenes the same quality of elemental bitterness that you recognize in the quarrels between the Greek chiefs in the *Iliad*. And equally, when Grant describes how, immediately after Lee had signed at Appomattox, members of his staff asked permission to go into the Confederate lines to greet old friends from West Point or the regular Army, the scene calls up images on a frieze of Trojans and Greeks going off the battlefield arm in arm.

But when the war itself broke out, nearer than such elemental feelings were the widespread anger and disgust over the danger to what had been until then the world's most advanced political experiment. There had been a prophecy of this by Jefferson in a letter of 1820, in which he said that the "momentous question [the Missouri Compromise], like a firebell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror." The passionate indignation that could be aroused by the steady weakening of national unity is heard in Lincoln's complaint that year by year the eighteenth-century spirit of free discussion was being narrowed. "Little by little, but steadily as man's march to the grave, we have been giving up the old for the new faith. Nearly eighty years ago we began by declaring that all men are created equal; but now from that beginning we have run down to the other declaration, that for some men to enslave others is a 'sacred right of self-government.' These principles cannot stand together." Lincoln cited a Southern senator's statement that the Declaration of Independence was "a self-evident lie," and broke out: "Fellow-countrymen, Americans, South as well as North, shall we make no effort to arrest this? Already the liberal party throughout the world express the apprehension 'that the one retrograde institution in America is undermining the principles of progress, and fatally violating the noblest political system the world ever saw.' This is not the taunt of enemies, but the warning of friends. Is it quite safe to disregard it—to despise it? Is there no danger to liberty itself in discarding the earliest practice and first precept of our ancient faith?"

Earlier Lincoln had written to his friend Joshua Speed: "Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation we began by declaring that 'all men are created equal.' We now practically read it 'all men are created equal, except Negroes.' When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read 'all men are created equal, except Negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' When it comes to this I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy."

THE peculiarly biting quality of this is the other side of Lincoln's gift for invoking "our ancient faith." In a country like the United States,

ceremoniously founded on certain propositions of political theory, effective political utterances have naturally tended to invoke principle for purposes of common rhetoric. It was agreement upon a common basis of political aspiration, not the common experience of a "folk," that in one sense held the country together—this consensus was, indeed, the country's only real tradition. All political speeches had to attach themselves to '76, the Constitution, the Founding Fathers, the great and noble experiment in liberty and self-government that was the United States. Even the most extreme pro-slavery arguments, so reactionary in their views of human nature, appealed to the Constitution and to the enlightened political theory behind it. It is always this profound commitment to the Republic as his absolute political standard that gives Lincoln's writing its assurance.

As Allan Nevins says so tellingly in the volumes of his history that deal with *The Emergence of Lincoln*, Lincoln's mind was distinctly a "countryman's" mind—slow, deep, and careful. But the peculiar passion of Lincoln's greatest utterances stems from the belief, natural to his generation, that America was the greatest step forward that political man had yet taken. And since his own position, in regard to the Negro and slavery, was at once firm and moderate—slavery was to be kept out of the territories, but not molested in the Southern states—Lincoln's style itself expresses the patient hope for the future that was the essence of his position. In 1858, debating with Douglas, he made it clear: "I say in relation to the principle that all men are created equal, let it be as nearly reached as we can. If we cannot give freedom to every creature, let us do nothing that will impose slavery upon any other creature."

That is of a piece with the moral distinctness that runs through many of the great utterances on slavery before the Civil War. The extraordinary hold of the images and rhythms of the King James Bible, the constantly growing sense of crisis in the air, the peculiar assertiveness of strong-minded and highly articulate men, some of whom on the Northern side felt that they were battling for the Lord, not for the country that had betrayed "His poor," some of whom on the Southern side proved by the Bible that He had ordained the blacks forever to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for His elect—all this, symptomatic of the national excitement, gave an intensity to the great debates in Congress, in the newspapers, in the daily confrontation of Americans, that in our generation perhaps only a few Negroes and die-hard segregationists can understand.

ONE REASON for this depth of feeling, on the Southern side, is suggested in a remark made by Kate Stone, a Southern woman who confessed after the war that she never regretted the freeing of the Negroes: "The great load of accountability was lifted." In a culture that took literally man's accountability to God,

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men might live with guilt but they could not deny it. They were creatures of passion who wanted to keep the Negro in his place so that they would know a higher place for themselves. The slaveowners used the Negro man in one way, and then were free to use the Negro woman in another. But however Southern ministers and politicians might explain slavery away, they had to work harder and harder at the job of explanation. They were accountable. And what they did not of themselves find to account for, the occasional atrocity at home and the unrelenting attack from the abolitionists pressed them to account for.

The high and moral style of the period came back to me in Russia, of all places, when I was looking over Tolstoy's study at Yasnaya Polyana, On the wall, big as life, was William Lloyd Garrison, and on the photograph of himself presented to his dear colleague, Leo Tolstoy, was the inscription in flowing hand, "Liberty for all, for each, for ever!" Think of Thoreau calling a meeting in Concord to commemorate the execution of John Brown and spitting out his bitterness at the American people: "You don't know your New Testament when you see it!" Only when you put together the constant pressure on the Southerner from his religion, his property, and his need to play the great lord can you begin to understand why Southern writers have always taken the opposite line from Thoreau's majestically simple rhetoric—why they have gone deeper, have been more subtle and complex in their rendering of human conduct than the abolitionist writers were. Hawthorne, the only great novelist that New England produced in its heyday, was a Democrat, a friend and biographer of the pro-Southern President Franklin Pierce, scornful of the extreme reformers and doctrinaires who surrounded him. Hawthorne died in 1864, and it has been said that he died of the war. He could not abide fanaticism of any kind, and when the qualities in American life that he had struggled against exploded into war, he collapsed first intellectually and then physically.

New England produced a kind of prophetic writer who thought of himself as the voice of the Lord. But the Southerners, some of them more detached about themselves, were wiser about human limitations. As that fine Southern historian C. Vann Woodward has said in his recent book *The Burden of Southern History,* the South is the only section that has known the collective suffering and humiliation which most countries have experienced. In our own generation much the deepest kind of imaginative writing in this country has come from Southern writers. It is almost too easy for us to sympathize with the Lost Cause, to fancy the aristocratic party over what pro-slavery orators used to call the "mudsills" of the North. As millions know from *Gone With the Wind,* the South had all the romance and all the honor. As early as 1888, the carpetbagger writer Albion W. Tourgée admitted, "Not only is the epoch of the War the favorite field of American Fiction today, but the Confederate Soldier is the popular hero. Our literature has become not only Southern in type but distinctly Confederate in sympathy." Everybody today reproaches the abolitionists, everybody knows that John Brown had insanity in his family. In any event, if you want to write about the most dramatic event in American history, where else can you set it but where almost all the fighting took place, and who can your hero be but the man fighting for his home?

I STILL BELIEVE that Emerson and Thoreau, Garrison and Whittier, caught unforgettably the moral wrong of slavery. But it was Southern novelists and poets and diarists who came up against the complex human relationships of slavery. Inescapably the Civil War remains, so far as the war really was a tragedy and not a liberation, the Southerners' war. The worst things that could have happened happened to them. Look, for example, at the diary of Mary Boykin Chesnut, *A Diary from Dixie,* first published in 1905. Her husband, Senator James Chesnut of South Carolina, resigned his seat months before Lincoln took the oath in March; he joined the Confederate cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. South Carolina, which took the lead in secession, was a particular center of what used to be called "fire-eaters"—violently pro-slavery extremists eager for secession and war. The Chesnuts were big slaveowners. Yet Mrs. Chesnut, who from the beginning was in a central position to observe the highest councils of the Confederacy, made out of her diary a record which for its humor, detachment, patience, and dramatic interest is one of the most remarkable documents of the period. She is a diarist in the grand style, an observer of the most minute things; her writing has a candor about it that compels one to go on reading with the same fascination that one finds in great memoirs of Russian family life like Tolstoy's and Alexander Herzen's. She says of South Carolina's headlong secession from the Union: "South Carolina had been rampant for years. She was the torment of herself and everybody else. Nobody could live in this state unless he were a fire-eater. . . . South Carolinians had exasperated and heated themselves into a fever that only blood-letting could ever cure. It was the inevitable remedy. So I was a seceder." When her husband had taken office in the Confederate government, organized in Montgomery, Alabama, Mrs. Chesnut wrote with sly disparagement of the local inhabitants that when she discussed her recent experiences in Washington as a senator's wife "These people—the natives, I mean —are astounded that I calmly affirm in all truth and candor that if there were awful things in society in Washington, I did not see or hear of them." She notes that her nephew has volunteered as a private, to be an example to his class, but that he conveniently has his "servant" (slave) with him, and she said to an Englishwoman as they were passing a slave auction, "If you can stand that, no other Southern thing need choke you."

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There is a lightness of tone about Mrs. Chesnut's intimate records, a delighted interest in gossip, and a conscious artistry in the depiction of character that make particularly vivid the tragedy of the South. Just as we today cannot help noticing the contrast between the grand but often abstract principles announced by New England intellectuals and the concrete defiance, courage, and desperation of Southerners fighting on their home grounds, so Mrs. Chesnut's ingrained social sense, her ability to convey the concrete human style of the people she is talking about, above all her attention to the truth of any human experience apart from the cause in which it is enlisted, give certain passages in *A Diary from Dixie* the stamp of universal experience that we value most in literature. She says of a family named Middleton, "Their lives are washed away in a tide of blood. There is nothing to show they were ever on earth."

SOUTHERN WRITERS, now as well as then, have insisted that the abolitionists and their sympathizers, concentrating on principle alone, were either hypocritical or fanatical, and in any case ignorant of what slavery was really like. The most striking thing about so many Americans just then, as we get a direct glimpse of them in their period, was their moral rigor, their direct knowledge of what the Lord had intended the relationship between white men and Negroes to be forever. It is not easy to enter into the minds of people for whom the creation has a design which they alone are privileged to understand.

The cocksureness with which representatives of every opinion habitually spoke of the Lord's intentions finally aroused Lincoln, in 1862, to reply to a committee, representing religious denominations, that urged him to free the slaves immediately: "I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that if it is probable that God would reveal His will to others on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed that He would reveal it directly to me; for, unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter. These are not, however, the days of miracles, and I suppose it will be granted that I am not to expect a direct revelation. I must study the plain physical facts of the case, ascertain what is possible, and learn what appears to be wise and right."

Despite his habitual tentativeness and reticence in religious matters, even Lincoln's public utterances became increasingly more scriptural in tone as the killing went on. By the second inaugural, four years of war drove Lincoln to say that although neither side could claim that the Lord spoke through it alone, it was clear that "The Almighty has His own purposes. . . . If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He now gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope,

fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' "

FOR LINCOLN, as Edmund Wilson has said, it was the American Union itself that became the sacred object of his religious mysticism. There is an unfailing moral exaltation in Lincoln's greatest utterances, riveting his arguments together like the linked verses of Biblical prophecy. The application of his Biblical metaphors and images to the very geography of America shows the ground of his feeling. "The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea," he wrote to James R. Conkling, hailing the victory at Vicksburg that opened the Mississippi all the way down to the Gulf. And speaking of the part that so many sections of the country were playing in the great fight, he went on: "Thanks to all: for the great republic—for the principle it lives by and keeps alive—for man's vast future—thanks to all." In Lincoln's feeling "for the great republic" one sees the classical value of politics, loyalty to the commonwealth as the embodiment of general value above each sectional and class interest. Contrast this with the religious fundamentalism that justifies its special interests as God's providence and the Marxist belief that the state must represent one class or another. The historian David Donald, in an interesting recent article entitled "An Excess of Democracy: The American Civil War and the Social Process," argues that it was the pressure of so many self-proclaimed rights on the part of so many different elements of the population that helped to bring on the Civil War. Against what he calls "majoritarianism," Professor Donald cites Lincoln's appeal to the principles of the Declaration of Independence: "There are some rights upon which no majority, however large or however democratic, might infringe. Lincoln warned that the future of democratic government depended upon the willingness of its citizens to admit moral limits to their political powers. . . . Possibly in time this disorganized society might have evolved a genuinely conservative

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solution for its problems, but time ran against it." American society, as Professor Donald sees it, was so torn apart by competing interests that it had no resistance to strain.

Certainly nothing about the pro-slavery argument, as it hardened in the South in the 1850's, ending the comparatively tolerant discussion of slavery that had prevailed until then, now seems so presumptuous and so wrongheaded as the rationalization that what was good for the slaveowner had been fixed for all time by God. Alexander H. Stephens, who before the war had been one of the more moderate Southern spokesmen, announced as vice-president of the Confederacy that the new state rested "upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man, that slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and normal condition. This, our new government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical and moral truth." The peculiar irrationality of this insistence on the unchangeable nature of social relationships was to lead the Southern slaveowners to their destruction. Senator L. Q. C. Lamar of Mississippi confessed after the war that he had never entertained a doubt of the Southern system until he found out that slavery could not stand a war. As Lamar said, the fatal "mistake that was made by the Southern defenders of slavery was in regarding it as a permanent form of society instead of a process of emergence and transition from barbarism to freedom."

THE RIGID ASSURANCE that certain people alone knew what all human "destiny" was to be, the delusion that human experience could be fixed forever, was not, of course, limited to slaveowners. It was the mark of an age in which religion hardened in moral rigor as the direct sense of God's presence faded; without its original supernatural element, American Protestantism hardened into self-righteousness for its own sake. The obstinate belief in New England that America was the chosen land and that here God's promise would be fully revealed again, turned the conflict over slavery into a holy war. With so much at stake in the vast new territories of the West, it was natural for Americans to believe that "man's vast future" lay in their hands. John Brown's favorite maxim was, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins," and it was of course for the Lord that at the Pottawatomie, in Kansas, Brown took five pro-Southern settlers out of their beds one night and murdered them. Even in his famous last speech to the Virginia court that condemned him for the raid on Harper's Ferry, Brown spoke of himself as having interfered "in behalf of His despised poor . . . Now if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice

and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments—I submit; so let it be done!"

When Harriet Beecher Stowe showed her husband the single episode of Uncle Tom being beaten to death (she had conceived it during a communion service in church, in a kind of trance), he said: "Hattie, you must go on with it. You must make up a story with this for a climax. The Lord intends it so." In later life, after the extraordinary world-wide success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, she said many times, "The Lord himself wrote it. I was but an instrument in His hand." Yet the remarkable impression produced by *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was due in large part to the fact that until its publication in 1852, hardly anyone in the South had troubled to describe slavery in any detail. A Southern scholar, Professor Jay Hubbell, says that Southern writers were unable to meet the challenge of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for this reason: "The South, content in the main to get its reading matter from the outside, now paid the penalty for its inability to convince the world that Mrs. Stowe's picture was a biased and distorted one."

As Lincoln is *supposed* to have said, Harriet Beecher Stowe was the little lady who started the great big war. One reason for her effectiveness is that the Southerners, though so much more social-minded and less doctrinaire, so much more fitted for literature, were in fact without much literature of their own. Southern plantation owners looked down on the native literature generally, and preferred to get their reading matter from England; they starved writers of their own like William Gilmore Simms, and when the fear of anti-slavery agitation finally turned the South into an authoritarian state, with vindictive penalties for anyone teaching Negroes to read and for the dissemination of forbidden literature, the hysterical crisis atmosphere it developed was as injurious to literature as a totalitarian atmosphere usually is. While Simms was being snubbed in Charleston for his lower-class origins, the fire-eater William Lowndes Yancey boasted that the South did not need literature: "Our poetry is our lives; our fiction will come when truth has ceased to satisfy us; and as for our history, we have made about all that has glorified the United States."

THE CIVIL WAR was the greatest trauma that the American people had ever known. For more than a decade it had been gathering itself up, threatening to descend; yet even now, as one reads the exhaustive account of the coming of war in Nevins's *The Ordeal of the Union* and *The Emergence of Lincoln*, again following the bitter debates up and down the land, the violence in Kansas, the submission of three weak Presidents to the slave power, one has the curious sense that the outcome is still undecided, that the war may yet not take place.

When the war did begin with the firing on Sumter, and Whitman, staring incredulously at the headlines in the flaring light of a New York street, realized that the unthinkable

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"FRENCH-SCHMENCH IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME"

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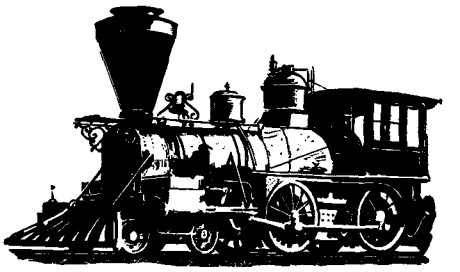
had happened, a wave of horror and outraged patriotic emotion passed through the North. It was then that Whitman became the national poet that up to then he had merely claimed to be. In 1862, hearing that his brother George was wounded, Whitman went down into Virginia and saw the amputated legs and hands and arms on the tables, saw soldiers staggering back into Washington after battle to collapse in the streets. Now he was at last able to turn his songs of innocence into his book of experience. There is no better book on the Civil War than *Specimen Days,* Whitman's great diary of his observations and experiences as a volunteer nurse in the hospitals of Washington; his art here becomes a model of the rapid, casual brush stroke, the detached, consciously homely touch that was to characterize the new realistic literature that came out of the war. It is strange how little this great prose book of Whitman's is read, though in many respects it has the virtues of Whitman's poetry without the false touches. *Specimen Days* is a book that Whitman did not plan to write but that chose him: its subject took him by the throat, rushed him along, molded his style to perfection without giving him time to dawdle about style.

Out of his war experiences Whitman developed a new kind of impressionistic verse form whose very titles breathe the movement he described in these poems themselves—"A Sight in Camp in the Daybreak Gray and Dim," . . . "As Toilsome I Wander'd Virginia's Woods"—poems that preserve the freshness of Winslow Homer's classic pencil sketches done in the field. Whitman's own literary sketches, with their unforgettable ink-smudged description of Washington streets and hospitals, of Southern prisoners being marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, and of Union prisoners looking like concentration-camp victims as they came out of Andersonville, make up an incomparable document of the time.

Except for Whitman, none of the major American writers had any direct experience of the war. Henry James had incurred his mysterious back injury; Howells was in Venice as consul, and Henry Adams was secretary to his father, the ambassador



at London. Mark Twain had the short and almost furtive experience as a volunteer in the Confederate militia that he later facetiously described in "The Private History of a Campaign That Failed." There are, of course, unforgettable passages on the war by Captain Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who said that "In our youth our hearts were touched with fire. It was given us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing."

Of the great American writers who lived through the war but did not participate in it, perhaps none has left a more touching record than Herman Melville, whose *Battle-Pieces and Aspects of the War* (1866), the poems of a great writer virtually retired from prose fiction, "originated in an impulse imparted by the fall of Richmond. . . . I have been tempted to withdraw or modify some of them, fearful lest in presenting, though but dramatically and by way of a poetic record, the passions and epithets of civil war, I might be contributing to a bitterness which every sensible American must wish at an end . . ."

One of Melville's least-known poems, describing the view from his rooftop over East Twenty-Sixth Street, New York, during the terrible Draft Riots of 1863, brings home a despair of the democracy in which Whitman, at least in his published writings, never lost faith and which Lincoln recognized, in its promise for all men, as the root of war. Melville assailed as rats the rough street crowds who were burning and looting, and in the light of the flames rising over many streets in New York, he affirmed that stoic and classical distrust of human nature that is so familiar in his greatest writings. Yet Whitman, trudging through the hospitals with his little gifts of oranges and notepaper, felt that the war had somehow justified and vindicated the democratic dream, that the war had

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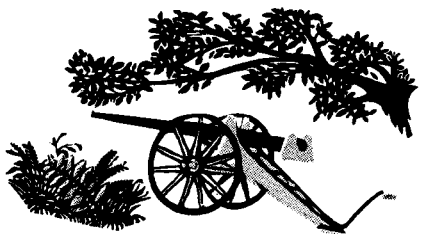
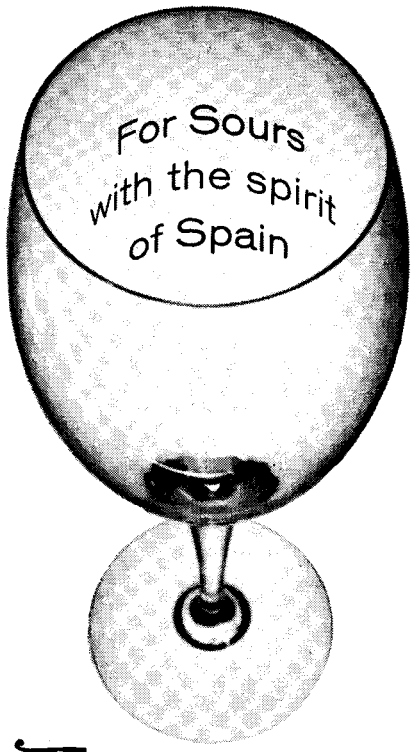
established forever the matchless reserves of courage and hope in the average man.

SLAVERY ENDED before the war did. Even in the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis recognized that slavery would have to be abolished, although, as Lincoln said in his second inaugural, neither side "anticipated that the *cause* of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease." Lincoln plainly named slavery as the cause of the conflict; he said that slavery was "the offense" through which the war had come. What other cause could there have been but slavery, the contradiction of democracy which made it impossible for other men to be free? In later times, as the heat of the war cooled down, it became easy for historians to argue that slavery was not the cause of the war, since most people, even in the North, had certainly not been against it. But if most people in the North were not against slavery, slavery was certainly against the freedom of most people *in the North. There is a curious,* statistical way of thinking today which claims that the cause of a conflict must be something that most people are consciously aware of and want to go to war for. But the deepest interests are often those which we are not entirely conscious of, issues we cannot escape.

The Negro was such an issue and he remains one. So long as he was a slave, no one else in America was really free. As soon as people even anticipated his freedom, they had to look further and anticipate his becoming a citizen like themselves. So Allan Nevins is right when he says, at the end of his conclusive review of the events leading up to the Civil War, that the war broke out over slavery *and* the future status of the Negro in America. Look around you.





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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 32

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A 42 10 196 72 208 97
A sitting of a deliberative or other body or society, or of a number of persons assembled for discussion, instruction, etc.

B 8 215 192 184 55 An oilskin coat. (colloq.)

C 81 117 127 202 216 Opposite of forward.

D 28 171 11 83 154 113
"Art thou a Man of_____cheer?/ A rosy Man, right plump to see?" Wordsworth, "A Poet's Epitaph."

E 119 166 74 107 22
"Now all the_____of England are on fire,..." Shakespeare, Henry V.

F 222 136 143 4 140 100 182
Asiatic bush; honeysuckle with red blossoms.

G 145 194 48 2 58 178 210
A member of a people of the Malay stock in the Northern Philippines.

H 16 187 14 204 224 24
Pertaining to sea gulls.

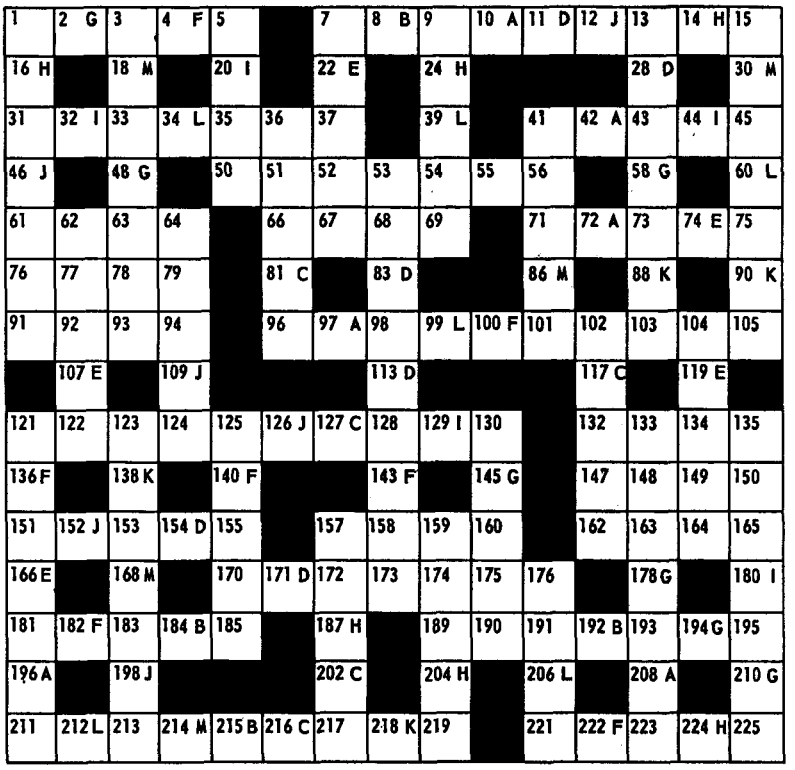
I 32 20 44 180 129 Armstrong, for instance.

J 198 12 152 46 126 109 More foolish.

K 138 88 218 90 A military assistant.

L 206 34 39 212 60 99
"With Nature's pride, and richest furniture,/ His looks do_____heaven and dare the Gods." Marlowe, Tamburlaine.

M 214 30 86 168 18
A traditional place for castles.



ACROSS

1. Certain bigoted persons are pigs.
7. Officials of which the Acrostician was formerly one.
31. Most westerly of the prairie provinces comes to the bar late.
41. Some sort of use is found for descendants.
50. Drank up, almost, at the stein.
61. Very non-U subject.
66. Send a letter to Lima.
71. That is about nun -- see 211 across.
76. Never poetic cross-word eagle.
91. A father taken up with a modern art cult.
96. Repents all chasers.
121. Describes a sheep just clipped, but could read, "Hot wire! Listen, editor!" (3,7)
132. Something else in fish.
147. Weight after deducting the tare, or settlers after deducting less.
151. Chart the French tree.
157. The Scotch cut the French people up.
162. Rosa turns to rail!
170. A sharp, short gentlemen follows a play on words.
181. Taxes on speeds.
189. King Lear loses his head repeating, "Eyes right!"
211. See 71. Al's duties brought it on.
221. These birds want no tea on board.

DOWN

1. The land and the pen worked it out ahead.
3. In bud on entering port.
5. Arrange a variety or kind.
7. Important state in Acrostician's present bailiwick.
9. Capable of being bought in the French van.
13. Constituent of blood serum, but it's poison to the nth degree!
15. Could be plural of 5 down but stands for mankind or singularly for gold.
36. Daughter of David who may divide Devon.
41. You cut and_____; isn't that conceptual?
53. Preparing herring on Loch Fine for piper and king.
62. Speak out or eat now!
64. Approaches the answer out west.
102. Beats and encourages.
104. Tippecanoe's companion now in Texas.
121. Elman or luring in a grove or wood.
123. It was 3.1416 but they are elks.
125. Uriah and his mother raise sheep.
130. Please deign to be honorable or haughty. (Obs.)
133. Marriage memorabilia in a collection and in Cairo and French.
135. Discoloration heard in a traffic bottle-neck near Windsor. (The drivers turn the air blue.)
157. G.I. slang for all fouled up, as in fun.
159. 'E gets his dander up, 'e does. Isn't it strange?
176. Smart or not, they're Scotsman's hats.

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The Jelly Bean Circuit

GERALD WEALES

THE DISCERNING five-year-old New Yorker with a dollar or more to burn on theater tickets no longer has to wait for the occasional production at the YM-YWHA at Ninety-Second and Lexington; he has a wide choice, not only at Christmas and Easter, when a rash of children's entertainment might be expected, but any old weekend in the year. The listings of plays for children in the *Times* and *Herald Tribune,* in the *New Yorker* and *Cue,* grow week by week.

All of which suggests a renaissance and a boom. The first is probably genuine. In her office at the Mills College of Education in Manhattan, I talked to Dr. Nellie McCaslin, chairman of Region 14, Children's Theatre Conference, a professional association of theater educationists and producers. According to Dr. McCaslin, there was a burst of professional children's theater in the 1950's. The Second World War had killed off touring companies like those of Clare Tree Major and Junior Programs, Inc., and theater for children fell to the practitioners of educational theater. Now, in Region 14, which includes New York, Connecticut, and eastern Pennsylvania, where there is always a stockpile of unemployed actors, the professionals are back and in force. The hope is that the quality will grow with the quantity.

A case might then be made for this activity as a rebirth, but a boom, in the economic sense, it certainly is not. In a few weekends spent going to children's plays, I never found myself in a full house anywhere in New York. I heard a number of reasons for the small turnouts, all of them valid and all of them beside the point. "The 12:30 performance is always slow; you should be here at two." "This is the last day of a long run." "This is the first day of a long run." "It's too nice a day; the kids are all in the park." Children's theater, like the adult off-Broadway theater, has begun to overextend itself; there seems to be a specific and limited audience that spreads itself thinner and thinner with each new producing group. There are a vast number of children in New York who never get near a children's play (or any play) unless one turns up at school, but this potential audience is as difficult to reach as the nonplaygoing adult audience. Just as off-Broadway has begun to price its audience away, so too the admissions at the children's theater ($1.50, give or take fifty cents) are higher than some people can (or will) afford.

That's not the worst of it. Even those companies which do manage to draw crowds barely break even. Austin O'Toole, whose *Huck Finn* closed recently at the Sheridan Square Playhouse, told me that favorable reviews (most children's plays are not reviewed at all) brought him large audiences for the first thirteen

weeks of his run, but that even so he made little more than expenses. Blanche Marvin, who offers her unusual productions at the Cricket Theatre ("*Cinderella* as a comedy of manners à la Oscar Wilde"), assured me that she has built a loyal audience, but she admitted that she has not made money. Kay Rockefeller, whose Traveling Playhouse is one of the oldest and best-known area touring companies, tells the same economic story.

THERE ARE basically two kinds of children's-theater companies, although it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between them: the anchored company that is willing to travel and the traveling company that often anchors.

Blanche Marvin's group, the Merri-Mimes, is an example of the first. Here is a company that has been operating for years, with the same director, choreographer, and scene designer, with some of the same actors, and with a sense of place and purpose. The group has also been playing bookings around the New York area, and—although Mrs. Marvin recently complained bitterly about facilities away from her own theater—the group's appearance on the Children's Theatre Conference *Showcase '61* seems to indicate that the group will do more traveling. (The better companies show their work on *Showcase '61,* in excerpt, for possible bookers.)

The Traveling Playhouse is an example of the second kind of company. Although it is primarily a touring company, it settles over holidays at the Kaufmann Concert Hall in the Ninety-Second Street "Y," which is where it began a dozen years ago. The term "touring company" is a little misleading. There are no groups in operation that tour as extensively as Clare Tree Major's did in the 1930's. Both the Traveling Playhouse and the Rockefeller Players, directed by Mrs. Lucille Rockefeller (no relation to Kay Rockefeller), do limited tours in the Midwest and the South; the Merry Wanderers, directed by Dick Dunham and Gian Pace, get as far as the West Coast. These tours, however, seldom last longer than six weeks or two months. The difficulties that confront touring children's theater are much the same as those which have cut the number of adult road companies; the expenses of transporting a production have become so great that a really profitable tour is hardly a possibility.

The most recent company formed to buck the assumption that children's show business is no business is the Little Golden Theatre, which has been organized by Arthur Shimkin of Little Golden Records. His first production is a slick pseudo-Broadway musical, *Young Abe Lincoln,* which I found rather vulgar but which seemed to please most of the audience at *Showcase '61.* When I talked to Shimkin a few weeks ago,

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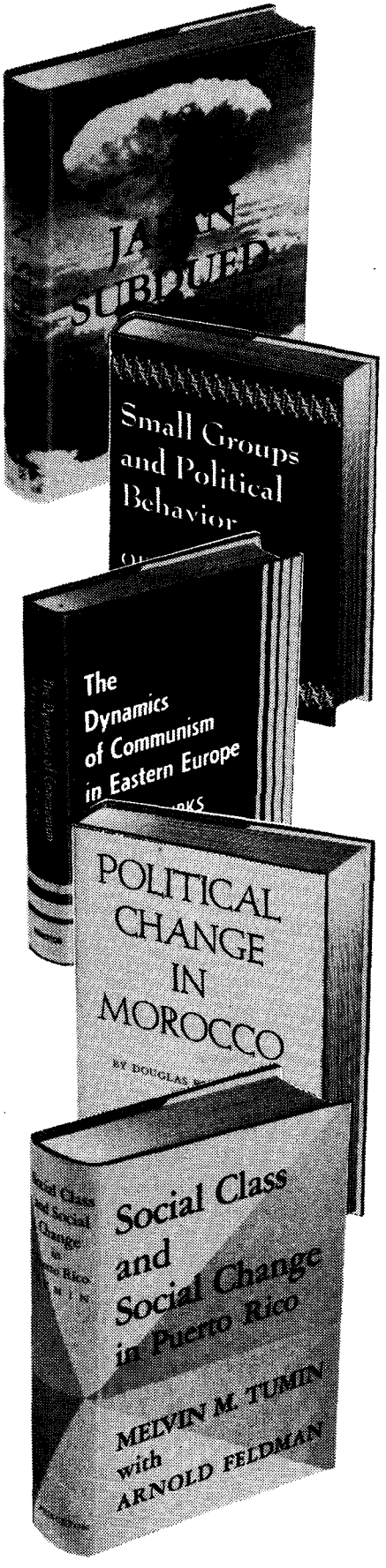
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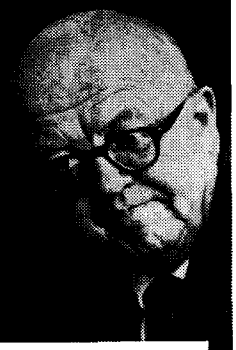

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he spoke in terms of multiple companies, or an organization designed to reach an expanding audience of young people. At that time, the children's-theater producers I met were watching the Little Golden Theatre doubtfully but patiently; they wanted to see whether or not there is an audience for so grand an operation. Since then, apparently emboldened by the success of his off-Broadway Easter week, Shimkin has moved *Young Abe Lincoln* to Broadway, where—win, lose, or draw—his company is not likely to prove or disprove any of the bromides about children's theater.

NOW AND AGAIN a reckless producer, misled by the abundance around him, may be drawn into children's theater on the false assumption that a quick fortune is to be made there. For the most part, those who get into so precarious an undertaking and who stay in it are dedicated to the work. I have talked to so many children's-theater regulars—in cramped offices, over make-up tables, at the doors of theaters as children edge by—that they have begun to run together in my mind. A few general impressions remain. The actors are the easiest to explain. For the most part, they are young and hopeful, acting because they want to act and can find no other showcase. Sometimes performers use their children's-theater work to piece out an income from television bits and off-Broadway adult productions; sometimes they hope that their weekend children's work will be a step up, a release from jobs in bookstores and at cigar counters. If a company as well established as the Traveling Playhouse were to have a reunion, actors, musicians, and directors would come trooping from productions uptown and down, all over Manhattan.

It is possible that some children's-theater producers hope to go on to other theatrical activity. For the most part, however, they are doing what they want to do, although most of them will tell you that they want to do it better and before more children. The man or woman (more often a woman) who is deeply committed to children's theater seems to have a strange amalgamation of two impulses that ordinarily one might expect to find in conflict: a concern with show business and a concern with children. Wander into a group of children's-theater people and listen. Part of the time, the chatter among them is of lights, costumes, bookings, gimmicks that work and do not work, songs that have to be sold; the rest of the time you might be at a PTA meeting or, more likely, a meeting of grade-school teachers or social workers, where the concern is with reaching the child without condescending to him, with age levels and receptivity, with the play's content—the message in the fantasy—and whether or not it is getting across. The children's-theater producer is, then, half mountebank, half mentor.

ALL PRODUCERS share a conviction that children's theater is in a pretty poor state artistically, although each is convinced that his own company is doing a great deal to raise the artistic level. There are, however, a few things that all children's productions have in common. For one, they all want both to teach and to entertain. Sometimes, as in *Red Riding Hood,* which I saw at Theatre East, an actor openly exhorts the audience always to come home on time. Such lesson-giving probably annoys children as much as it does me. It is useless besides, because the audience at the East is composed of affluent apartment-bound moppets who never get away from home by themselves and so have no occasion to upset their mothers, as Red Riding Hood did hers, by staying out too late. Most of the good advice in children's plays is not so blunt as this, but, implicit or explicit, all of them, from Blanche Marvin's Noh play version of *The Firebird* to Carol Klein's *It's So Nice to Be a Fish,* have a moral.

All of the morals are embedded in theatrical amalgams of music, dance, low comedy, and high romance. Most of the stories are fantasies, and most of them are reworkings of familiar children's stories; producers say that it is almost impossible to book an original show outside New York. Sometimes the music is quite simple, while sometimes the composers are reasonably sophisticated, as with Alec Wilder (in *The Willie Tree* at the Sheridan Square) or William Cerny (in *Pinocchio* at the Marti-

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nique), although the sophistication occasionally edges into maudlin pop balladry, as in the Wilder-O'Toole song "My Special Place," or into adult humor, as in the Cerny-Schultz show-biz song with its references to *Variety* and Sophie Tucker. A few companies, like the Merri-Mimes, list a choreographer and use one, but for the most part the dancing is of the skip-hop variety. Children's companies are addicted to broad comic effects, mainly slapstick. Visual and physical gags work much better than verbal ones with children, but even such gaggery will not save a show in which there is no unifying quality that a child can hold onto, such as the *Alice in Wonderland* I saw recently at the Philadelphia Academy of Music. Most of the shows manage to work in a chase or, second best, a march, which kids find exciting, and all of them try hard to get some kind of audience participation.

In the productions I saw, the children were reasonably indifferent to all attempts to get them to sing along with the actors (how often I heard the refrain, "But it's so different with a larger crowd"). On the other hand, the audiences really like to take part in the action, to give information to the principals, and—magnificently amoral as they are—they will as cheerfully tell the wolf where Red Riding Hood is hiding or the fox where to find Pinocchio as they will aid the good people. A number of shows work in what I suppose has to be called the Tinker Bell bit, as in the *Pinocchio* where the audience's verdict lets the puppet become a real boy.

THE GENERAL CONCLUSION that I have brought away from a certain amount of intensive children's theatergoing is that more and more people are having more and more fun and making less and less money than ever before in the history of children's theater in this country. The specific thing that I have brought away is something called "The Fish National Anthem," which I picked up on an afternoon with the Pennywhistle Players. Although I have only an indistinct memory of the words and the music, I sing it on every possible occasion. "Hail to the flag of Fish . . ."

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BOOKS

The Heroic Mandarin

GEORGE STEINER

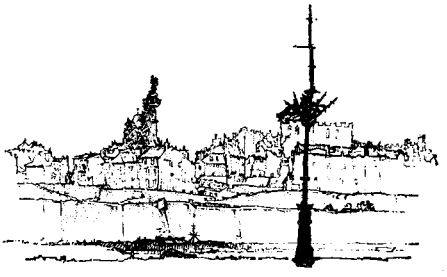
THE INTELLECTUAL HERO: STUDIES IN THE FRENCH NOVEL, 1880-1955, by Victor Brombert. *Lippincott. $5.*

There have always been intellectuals, men committed to the life of the mind and to the metaphor that thought is action. But *l'intellectuel* in the French sense is a special creation, emerging in about 1900. As Victor Brombert shows in his absorbing study of intellectuals as heroic figures in French fiction, *l'intellectuel* is a product of the passions and enmities loosed during the Dreyfus affair. Seeking to castigate their opponents, the conservatives of 1898 gave them the scornful title of "intellectuals."

The word carried specific overtones of insult: an "intellectual" was a useless mandarin prepared to threaten the stability of government and society on behalf of some abstract or eccentric idea of justice. He might well be a Jew or, more vaguely, a man without "deep roots" in French soil; he probably had socialist leanings. He would belong not to the world of the French Academy but to that of journalism, the secondary school, or the Ecole Normale. He would spend his time, as Ferdinand Brunetière venomously observed, "meddling dogmatically in matters about which he is ignorant." Or to put it more courteously, in the terms of Raymond Aron, the mentality of *l'intellectuel* is one of "permanent opposition."

As Brombert indicates, the historical circumstances out of which the conception of the French intellectual arose brought with them tragic ambiguities. The intellectual felt himself to be an outsider fighting the established values of state, church, and official culture. He was, almost by definition, anti-nationalist. Yet at the same time he claimed to represent that which was most vital in his own country. Being of the Left, *l'intellectuel* sought alliance with the lower classes and the evolving proletariat. Yet he saw himself as a member of a highly articulate and gifted elite. Like the Russian radicals of the nineteenth century, the French intellectuals strove vainly to identify themselves with the mass of the people while retaining their status as artists and thinkers. Above all, *l'intellectuel* was caught in a political crossfire. On the one hand stood the nationalistic, anti-socialist, and anti-Semitic Right; on the other, the growing forces of Marxism. In trying to define for himself a middle ground of patriotic internationalism or non-Communist radicalism, the intellectual was often destroyed or absorbed by one or the other camp.

BUT IT IS exactly these ambiguities that give the French intellectual his literary role. They have provided the French novel of the twentieth century with a new and characteristic hero. He has his forebears in Diderot and Stendhal, and there are savage caricatures of intellectualism in Flaubert. But Brombert is unquestionably right when he argues that the "intellectual as hero" dates from the time of the Dreyfus case



and from the novels which it provoked. In Zola's *Vérité* (1902), a Jewish schoolmaster becomes the victim of petty chauvinism; his colleague, Marc Froment, takes up the torch of intellectual radicalism and proclaims the "irresistible power of ideas." That power burns bright in Roger Martin du Gard's *Jean Barois* (1913). In this novel, to which Brombert devotes a brilliant chapter, the author told a saga of inner crisis. Brought to radical maturity by the Dreyfus affair, Barois at the end of his life returned to the Catholic faith. But there is no contradiction here: Barois' fanatic belief in free thought is itself an act of faith. The absolutism of the liberal is only a short step away from the dogmatism of the believer. Or from the dogmatism of the Marxist. The heroism of the *l'intellectuel* is heroism on a tightrope.

Hence the acrobatics of André Malraux, prince of intellectuals, because more than any other he has translated into material action the darting contrarieties of his thought, Malraux has succumbed in turn to the opposite temptations of Marxism and right-wing elitism, of agnosticism and of a kind of lyric faith in the *anima mundi*. By a careful reading of Malraux' novels, Brombert shows how strongly Malraux prefers the doer to the thinker; yet his principal agents are endowed with precisely those habits of introspection and ideological scruple which typify the intellectual. They are thinking reeds bending under the stormwinds of political crisis. Brombert raises the question whether Malraux will end his meteoric course by some formal act of conversion; if so, "It will be out of a cerebral quest for a synthesis betweean passion and the intellect."

I would put it differently: if Malraux enters the Catholic Church, it will be because he has always sought a framework of discipline and certitude strong enough to contain his turbulent gifts. Such a search for walls that are simultaneously protection and confinement is characteristic of the modern intellectual. The monastery and the Communist Party both have cells.

The latter part of Brombert's study is concerned with the triad Camus-Sartre-Simone de Beauvoir. These are intellectuals writing novels about intellectuals and holding up mirrors to each other in a complex game of fidelity and distortion. All seem to me to be victims of a dilemma to which Brombert gives insufficient stress: where the novel becomes primarily an expression of ideas and intellectual conflict, it degenerates into the pamphlet or the essay. Camus and Sartre are essayists using the mask of fiction. They wear it thin and the naked face of argument

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or polemic pierces through. "If Malraux' work is the *Iliad* of our time," writes Brombert, "Camus' is our *Odyssey*." Surely not.

If there is some classic precedent to which Camus may be related, it is that of Aesop or Lucan, writers who used fables to instruct. The same is true of Sartre, though he is a far more resourceful craftsman than Camus. His plays and fictions, like those of Diderot, are instruments of political or philosophic rhetoric. Sartre has left his major novel unfinished, precisely because the context of argument and political conflict to which he was addressing himself had lost its relevance. Seen purely as a writer, Simone de Beauvoir is at best a second-rate figure, but as witness to the tenor and intellectual life of the time she is of capital importance. If her latest volume of memoirs, *La Force de l'âge,* had been available to him, Brombert would have seen how little fiction there is in her novels, how persistently they are a masked journal. A crucial distinction must be made between novels about intellectuals and novels by them.

THERE is perhaps one other objection that can be urged against Brombert's valuable essay. He shows a certain academic reticence on points which are, in fact, vital to his argument. The coincidence between the Dreyfus case and the definition of *l'intellectuel* was no accident. The conflict over "intellectualism" was closely related to the upsurge of Jewish attitudes and interests in French social and political life. The ambiguous status of the Jew between nation and world prefigures that of *l'intellectuel*. Brombert's omission of Proust and of the figure of Bloch in Proust's novels leaves a distinct gap. Similarly, Brombert gives too little weight to the commanding presence of Communism in French intellectual life.

It is the fascination of the party and the recurrent possibility of a Communist take-over that have given to the life of *l'intellectuel* its sense of drama. It is because the innermost fabric of French society has stood under Communist assault that the intellectual has played so exemplary a role. As Camus remarked, his generation found itself in its en-

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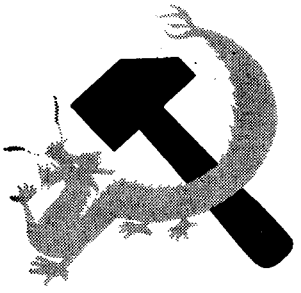

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counter with Communism. A complete picture of the mandarin as hero would, therefore, require more intimacy with the Marxist sensibility and with Communist writers than Brombert exhibits.

But this is an intelligent and original book nevertheless. It underlines one of the decisive contrasts between the modern French novel and fiction elsewhere. If we except Virginia Woolf and C. P. Snow, intellectuals have played only a small part in the twentieth-century English novel. Have they played any at all in American novels (Humbert Humbert being, after all, so splendidly French)? So far as the novel is mirror to its respective society, Brombert has dealt not only with French fiction but with one of the dominant traits of French political and social life. Other cultures have intellectuals; the French produce *des intellectuels*. Perhaps that is one of their noble infirmities. «»

The Criminal And the Patient

NAT HENTOFF

DRUG ADDICTION: CRIME OR DISEASE? Interim and Final Reports of the Joint Committee of the American Bar Association and the American Medical Association on Narcotic Drugs. Introduction by Alfred R. Lindesmith. *Indiana University Press. $5.*

"In the United States," Dr. Marie Nyswander wrote five years ago in a revealing study, *The Drug Addict as a Patient*, "the criminal underworld has taken over the task of treating the addict; only from this underworld can he obtain relief from his terrifying symptoms. Prevented by law from administering to the addict, physicians in the United States have had to stand by helplessly as this tragedy has unfolded."

More and more physicians, however, have been refusing to accept their containment silently. Together with psychologists, sociologists, and some lawyers, several aroused doctors have been engaging in a concentrated and increasingly effective campaign to point up the illogic and inhumanity of official law-enforcement and legislative policy, which treats the addict as a criminal rather than a medical problem. The dissidents finally have a few allies in Congress—notably Senator Jacob Javits of New York—and this significant book should gain them more.

Drug Addiction: Crime or Disease? represents a turning point in the attitude of the medical and legal professions with regard to the control and treatment of addiction. In 1955-1956, the American Bar Association and the American Medical Association appointed a Joint Committee on Narcotic Drugs. Two years later, after funds and other help had been provided by the Russell Sage Foundation, an Interim Report was published. It included a long, lucid study, "Some Basic Problems in Drug Addiction and Suggestions for Research," by Judge Morris Ploscowe, who had been functioning as director of studies for the Joint Committee. Also appended was "An Appraisal of International, British and Selected European Narcotic Drug Laws, Regulations and Policies," by Rufus King, chairman of the American Bar Association's Section of Criminal Law.

Only a few copies of the Interim Report were printed. Yet, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, zealous to the point of hysteria in its conviction that more rather than less punitive laws are the solution to addiction, compiled and gave wide circulation to a slashing attack on the Joint Committee's work. For the first time, that Interim Report is now easily available in this book, along with some later documents. The reason for the Federal Bureau of Narcotics' harsh reaction becomes clear. This carefully reasoned, calmly written volume, bearing the prestige of the six distinguished lawyers and doctors of the Joint Committee in addition to Judge Ploscowe, is a devastating dissection of the absurdities inherent in our present laws and enforcement procedures.

THE CORE of the book is Judge Ploscowe's clear and comprehensive summary of the problem and its history in America in this century. Ploscowe quotes a Senate committee conclusion that "the United States has

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more narcotics addicts, both in total numbers and population-wise, than any other country of the Western World," despite forty years of the prohibitory approach to the problems of drug addiction, and adds that nonetheless Congress has acted on the thesis that "even stronger prohibitions were required." (Much recent narcotics legislation throughout the country has even eliminated the possibility of probation and parole, and has eliminated judicial discretion with regard to sentences.)

Complementarily, Rufus King in his comparative survey of other western countries' policies proves that those nations—particularly Great Britain—which emphasize the medical rather than the punitive approach have the least number of addicts and the smallest illegal traffic in drugs.

Judge Ploscowe cites cumulative medical evidence to support his view that "The belief that fear of punishment is a vital factor in deterring an addict from using drugs rests upon a superficial view of the drug addiction process and the nature of addiction." Furthermore, "The very severity of law enforcement tends to increase the price of drugs on the illicit market and the profits to be made therefrom. . . . on occasion, law enforcement agencies themselves may act as suppliers of drugs to addicts. The greater the pressure upon law enforcement agencies, the greater the necessity of producing arrests in drug cases."

An especially valuable division of Judge Ploscowe's report untangles the various court decisions concerning a doctor's right to prescribe drugs to addicts since the passage of the Harrison Act of 1914. He indicates that on the basis of several key Supreme Court decisions, a strong legal case can be made that, as the court puts it, "A physician may give an addict moderate amounts of drugs for self administration, if he does so in good faith and according to fair medical standards" (*Bush* v. *United States,* 1927). The difficulty is that in view of the intimidating attitude of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and most local police, any doctor who does so prescribe and is discovered is virtually certain of arrest and a trial at which the question of "good faith" and "proper medical standards" will be determined by a jury of laymen. Ploscowe's recommendation, a sound one, is that the American Medical Association itself should set the standards of good faith and the limits of proper medical practice in the treatment of addicts so that a physician will know what is "proper . . . *before* he acts."

Rufus King, in his analytical description of the consistently effective British system, makes it forcefully evident, contrary to verbal sleight of hand by the Federal Narcotics Bureau, that there *is* an organic difference between British and American practices. In Britain, a doctor may prescribe drugs to an addict as part of an attempted cure; or, if a cure seems impossible, he may treat the addict indefinitely with stabilizing dosages. In Britain, "The police function is to aid and protect medical control, rather than to substitute for it. . . . the addict in British society remained the addict-patient; he never became, as in ours, the addict-criminal."

Indexed

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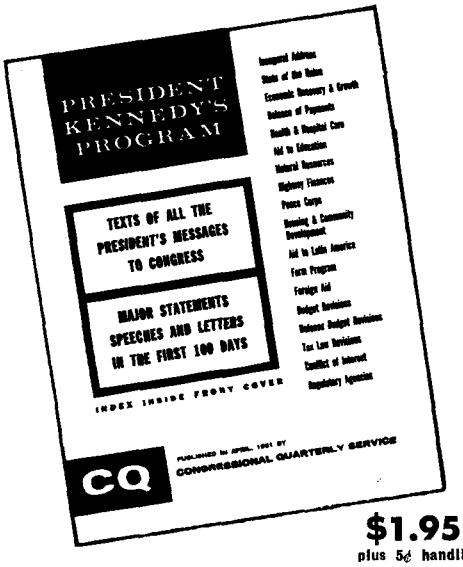
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BURKE, DISRAELI, AND CHURCHILL, by Stephen R. Graubard. *Harvard. $5.*

This excellent study is a historian's protest against the recent efforts of Conservative ideologues to turn Burke, Disraeli, and Churchill into "spokesmen" of a British "Conservative tradition."

Even calling them Conservatives makes Mr. Graubard uncomfortable, although he does not wish to pin another label on them. Conservatives, after all, resist innovation and try to keep things more or less the way they are; whereas these remarkable writer-politicians were politically "creative" and wrestled all their lives with fundamental problems of their government and society. All three were critics of their times, independent minds who did not flinch from being almost always in the minority. This is not the conduct of politicians ordinarily called Conservative.

Mr. Graubard calls Burke "the old Whig." The new Whigs who came up around the time of the French Revolution talked increasingly about the sovereignty of the people and the popular will. The old Whig had fought all his life to restrict the royal power and secure the liberties of Englishmen, including those of the American colonists; but the only government he could conceive was a Parliament of aristocrats, founded upon the English Revolution of 1688, which in his classical Whig interpretation had vindicated ancient rights against a usurping monarch, not proclaimed new popular ones. Toward the end of his life Burke attacked the French Revolution with angry violence in his famous *Reflections.* He misunderstood that revolution grossly. But at least half his purpose was to retort to the English Jacobins and warn against following the French example. Was he so wrong in this?

Almost half a century later, when Disraeli surmounted repeated failures to enter the House of Commons, there was no gainsaying de-

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mocracy. But, like most historical inevitabilities, it needed the dominant class to recognize it as such and acquiesce in it if English democracy was to unfold by peaceful development and not insensate struggle. Disraeli was one of those who recognized it. The Reform Act of 1867 gave the worker the vote, and Disraeli's brilliant idea of a Tory democracy, which he had first propounded in his novels—an alliance of the Tory squirearchy with the working class against the Liberal middle class—was made real. Although there is nothing left of the squirearchy today, the Macmillan government is clearly a descendant of Disraeli's enlightened Toryism.

By the time Churchill arrived on the scene, aristocratic government was a thing of the past. His feeling, however, for "the old world of culture and quality, of hierarchies and traditions, of values and decorum" (to use his own words), was always very strong. A critic of the modern age, he found it uninspired and mediocre: "The leadership of the privileged has passed away; but it has not been succeeded by that of the eminent." Yet he never repined at the demise of the old England of aristocratic privilege or wasted a moment in thinking how to revive it. A Tory democrat like his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, he knew that the continuity of British society could be maintained only by making room for all classes; aristocratic obstinacy would cause the kind of rupture that was so evident in modern French history. However, Churchill did not concentrate his attention on the hotly debated domestic social questions of his day but on armament, diplomacy, national security, and imperial policy. This earned him the reputation of a reactionary; but actually his concern was the old Tory democratic one for the preservation of traditional British forms and power amid modern circumstances, only transferred to the world plane. That concentration was justified when the gathering storm he had doggedly warned against during the 1930's burst in the Second World War.

I have commented on only one theme in Mr. Graubard's book: democracy versus aristocracy. There are many more. I wish, however, that he had written a concluding essay tying

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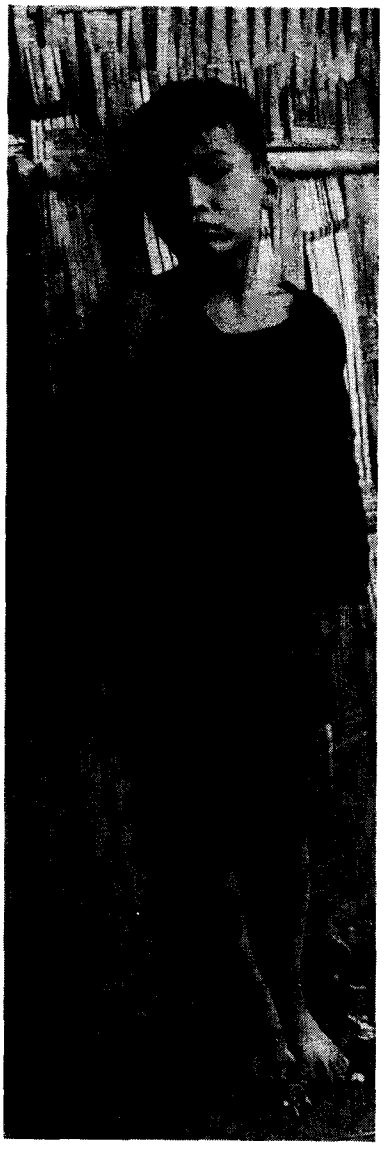

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his three Englishmen together somewhat less negatively, or more essentially, than he does in his introduction. I don't believe he put them all in one book just because they are *not* representative Conservatives, or because they were independent critics who persisted in the face of opposition. Can't we discern even in Mr. Graubard's own pages, in spite of his insistence on his subjects' separateness, some connection among them, a common political attitude that is an essential element in the interest they hold for us?

To begin with, they all opposed the modern age—and yielded to it in their different ways. Burke can speak for the three: "The age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever." Burke opposed the democratic age as he saw it taking shape in revolutionary France, but with a despairing sense of its inevitability; Disraeli made strategic surrenders to it so as to preserve traditional institutions; Churchill accepted it philosophically as the latter-day reality in which he had to live and work. Their recognition of its inevitability and their acceptance of it is what makes their criticism relevant and interesting; mere opposition to democracy would have been conventional in Burke's time, stupid in Churchill's.

Their opposition to the modern world expresses itself most profoundly in a mistrust, a disdain for democratic universalism. Again Burke can speak for all three: in *Reflections on the Revolution in France,* he describes English liberty "as an estate specially belonging to the people of this kingdom, without any reference whatever to any other more general or prior right." Not the Rights of Man but the liberties of Englishmen are the concern of all three; not universal humanity but English particularity, and, in Churchill's words, "the long continuity of our Island tale."

Since the universalism of democracy is sometimes liable to degenerate into a doctrinaire, high-flown cant, it is good to have also the critical, anti-universal attitude of Burke, Disraeli, and Churchill as a possibility in our political life.

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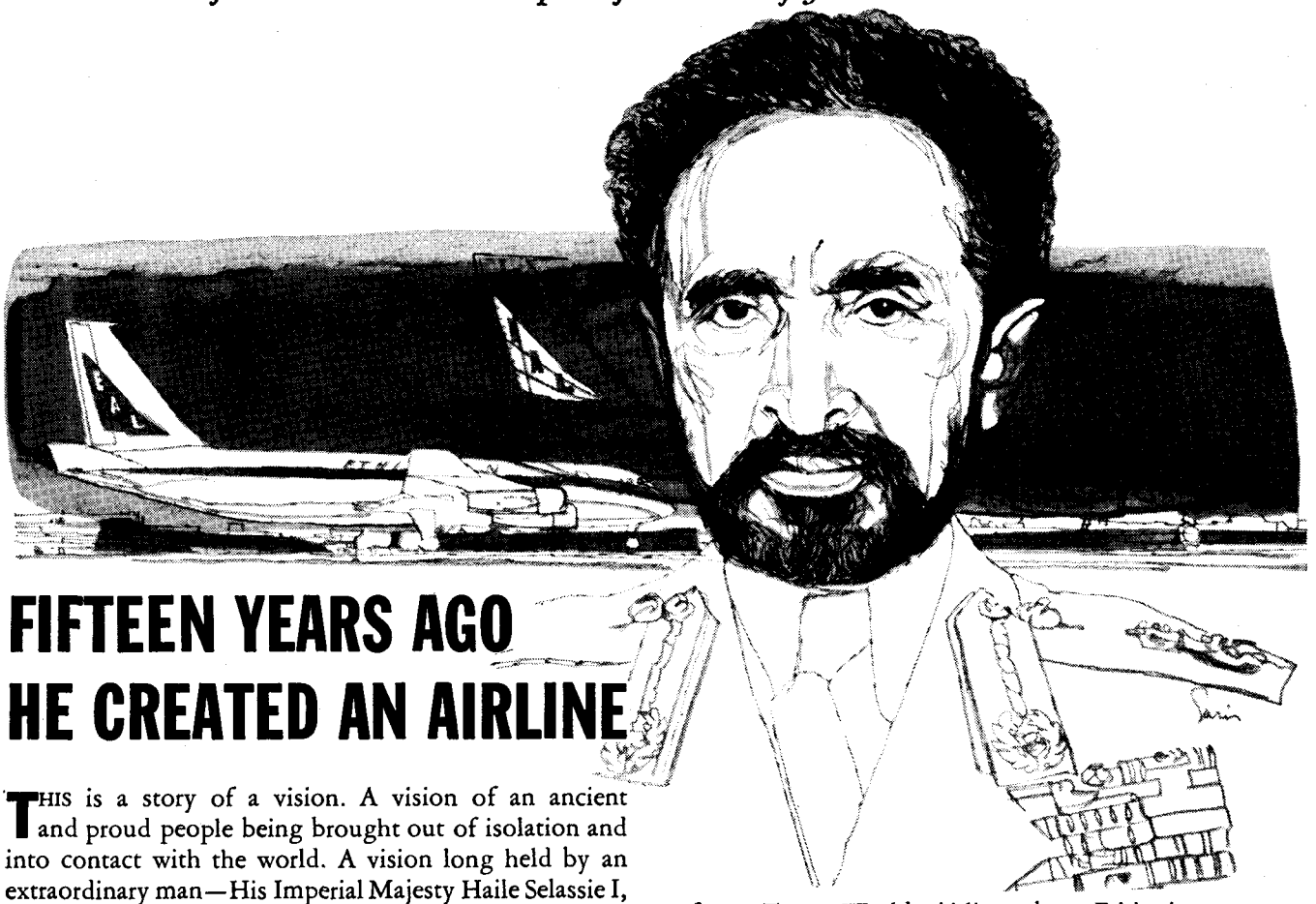
From mules to jets in the mountain empire of the Lion of Judah



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The Emperor has seen His airline expand from Cairo to Athens and on to Frankfurt. Southward, it has long served Nairobi. Within Ethiopia, the airline is helping the country to market its products and become a closely-knit, modern nation.

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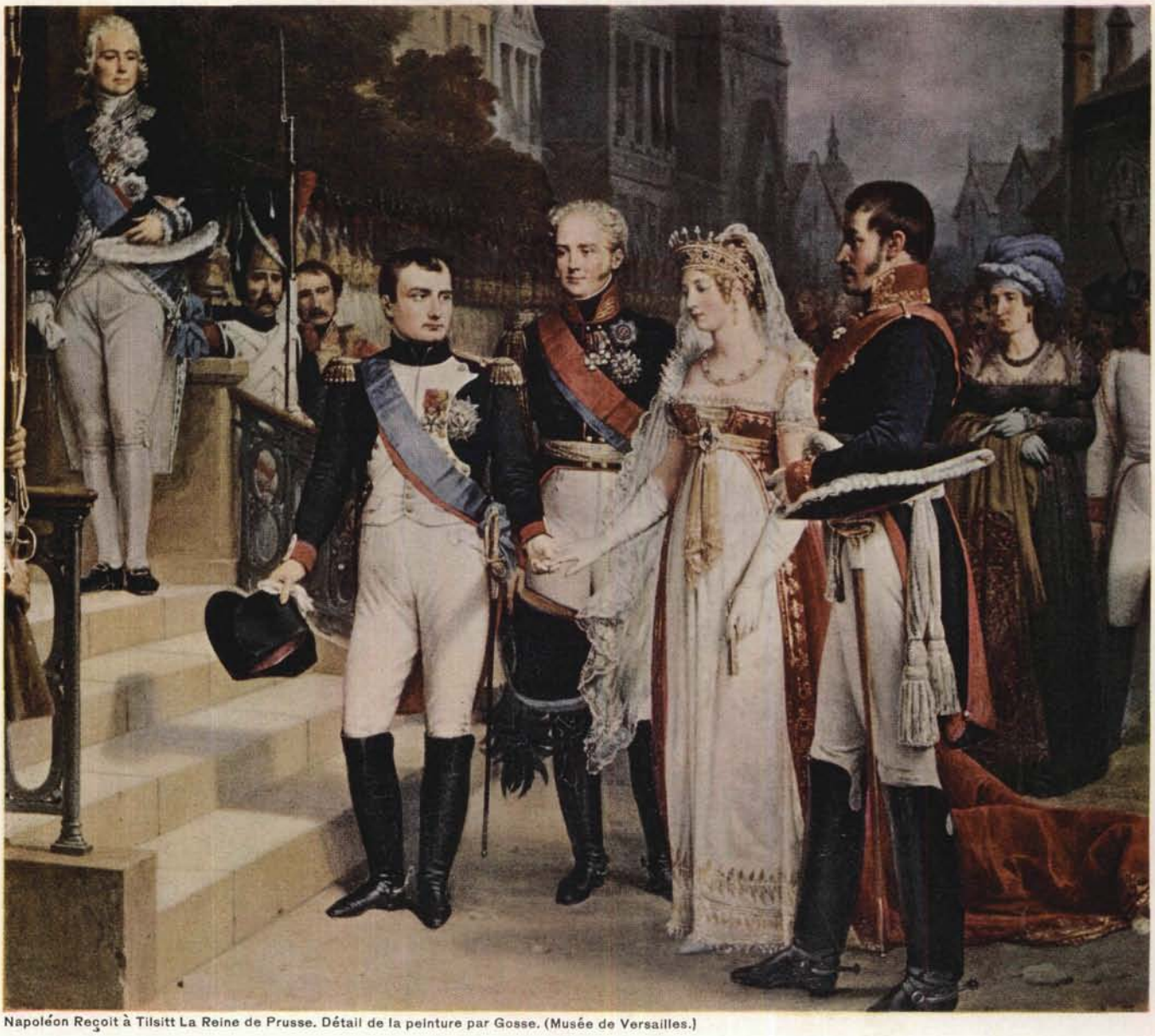

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